

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 349 Week Ending  
NOVEMBER 21, 1925

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

## A GREAT ADVENTURE IN THE AIR

See  
Page  
Four

### AN OCTOPUS JOINS THE ZOO

#### NEW TENANT OF THE SEA-WATER TANKS

**The Frightful Creature We  
May Watch at His Work**

#### WHY THEY ARE RARE IN TOWN

Those unwearied scientists at the London Zoo have gained another triumph which we hope will last. After failure upon failure they have got an octopus, alive and evilly disposed, into the sea-water tanks of their aquarium.

Two difficulties have to be encountered in attaining this end; octopuses teem in southern waters where they are not wanted, but cannot easily be caught, and they require such immense quantities of oxygen in the water they breathe that when they are captured and dispatched to the Zoo they generally die on the way to town.

But at the time of writing one is well and active at our great home of natural wonders in Regent's Park, and all who will may see it, marvel, and shudder at its skill and strength.

#### A Terrible Fight

Each of its eight arms is furnished with sucker discs and horny grappels; and once these grip, unless the octopus voluntarily releases its hold, the limb must be torn off to secure freedom. It is one of the curiosities of scientific writing that the men who know all about this creature's astonishing anatomy, still express doubts as to whether the octopus actually attacks human beings.

For fifty years there stood in the late Lord Grenfell's diary the record of a terrible fight he had with an octopus in the sea off Malta. His flesh was torn and full of the broken grappels of the brute, which had all but mastered him when he was rescued in the nick of time.

Three years ago the C.N. recorded how a lady of Tunbridge Wells, when bathing at a French resort, was seized in a horrifying grip by an octopus which, when killed, was found to measure 64 inches from tip to tip of its longest tentacles.

#### Victor Hugo's Story

Soon afterwards Jersey fishermen had an experience equalling in horror any ancient sea legend. As one of the men was hauling in a net two huge tentacles appeared above the water. One grasped the mast of the boat, the other gripped the fisherman by the legs. The man was just on the point of being dragged into the sea when a comrade slashed at the arms of the octopus with a heavy knife and cut them off.

This happened near Jailer's Reef, near the Roche Douvres, the scene of Victor Hugo's classic description of a Homeric combat between a man and a mighty octopus. The illustrious Frenchman had a poet's imagination, and he was inclined to exaggerate, but in essentials he was accurate.

### The Passing of the Fez



A scene like this has always been typically Turkish because of the headdresses of the men and boys, but now the Turkish Government has abolished the fez altogether, and it is a punishable offence to be seen in one. A roaring trade in hats of all kinds has been going on recently in Constantinople. See page 2

### SOLOMON ROOK WHO LOOKED SO WISE

This account of a rook both tame and wild is from a Yorkshire correspondent.

RETURNING one day on his cycle from the country, my son came across two children with a rook, fully feathered but unable to fly. He purchased it for sixpence, and brought it home, though with difficulty, for it was inclined to be vicious. For a week he fed it in captivity; but not caring to keep it caged he allowed it to fly about. By this time it had become quite tame and fed out of our hands. Indeed, we had only to appear to be greeted with a caw and an open beak.

The power of flight gradually increased until soon the bird circled over the house-tops and was away. The next day he was rescued from a window-sill in an adjoining street. For some days he remained on our back premises, not attempting flight. Then he went away one evening but returned next morning

for food. For some time he continued to remain with us most of the day, but always went away to roost. So tame did he become that the only way to keep him out of the house was by closing doors and windows. He visited our neighbours, too, and acquired the habit of perching on their chairs at breakfast time.

We named him Solomon because he looked so wise; and if he was perched on the roof and we called "Solomon," he came fluttering down. However, he would get into mischief by digging up gardens, and after several complaints from lovers of flowers my son carried him to a wood a few miles away and left him.

Since that we have heard from a lady who lives on the outskirts of the town that a rook visits her garden daily to be fed, and we have not much doubt that it is Solomon.

### A NEW WORLD ON OFFER

#### INTERESTING CHAPTER OF HISTORY

**The Unknown Pirate who  
Robbed a King of Dazzling Glory**

#### A TALE OF COLUMBUS

Thousands of us heard, not long ago, a voice from the air of a man of the air, telling in cool and casual terms how, as soon as oil depots are complete, he is going to fly from London, across France, along the Riviera, over Genoa and Pisa, and on to Athens, then across the sea to Africa and, in a series of flights, right down the Dark Continent to Cape Town.

It was the indomitable Alan Cobham, who last year flew to India and back, and who is now to fly 8000 miles, most of it over the immense high tablelands of the blazing tropics.

Many of the places at which he will land in Africa will be over 5000 feet above sea-level, which, he says, in air rarified by the intense heat of the Sun will be equal to taking off at a height of 10,000 feet in England. He is actually to fly the course which, in the time of Chaucer and for a century beyond, was regarded as a zone of fire.

#### The Burning Zone

The thought recalls the memory of Diaz and his voyage down the western coast of Africa in 1486 to discover the cape to which Cobham is to fly in 1926, and of Da Gama's voyage in 1497 to India, where the airman flew in 1924. And so memory runs on to Columbus and a great romance of the might-have-been, marred for ever by a pirate.

Columbus, despairing of patronage in Portugal or Spain, sent his brother Bartholomew to England to implore the aid of Henry the Seventh, offering him the fruit and glory of his discoveries. Bartholomew set out for England with his maps and plans in 1488, and, in a poem addressed to the King, said, "Here also is set down the late discovered burning Zone," meaning, of course, Diaz's voyage.

#### Henry the Seventh and Columbus

Now, Henry the Seventh had imagination and enterprise, as we see from the lovely chapel he built at Westminster, and he jumped at the proposal, but it was too late. On his way over Bartholomew's ship was captured by an unknown pirate, who left him in such a beggarly plight that he had to set to work as maker of maps and globes to buy new clothes in which to go before the king. When he did so the king received his proposals with joy and sent him home to commission Christopher to sail on his quest as the representative of England.

But when Bartholomew at last reached home his immortal brother had sailed and found the New World. Thus an unnamed freebooter robbed us of a continent, and Spain had all the glory.



## INDIA'S NEW VICEROY

Mr. Edward Wood's Great Post

### A HIGH-MINDED ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Everybody has been wondering who would be appointed Viceroy of India when Lord Reading's term comes to an end next April.

Many guesses have been made, but all have been wrong. Nobody thought of Mr. Edward Wood, largely, no doubt, because he is a quiet, unpretending man who has done good public work without making a song about it, as we say. Now that his name has been announced everybody is saying what a good appointment Mr. Baldwin has made.

Mr. Wood is the son of the aged Viscount Halifax, a leading High Churchman, and he has inherited his father's religious character. His grandfather was Secretary for India many years ago, and Mr. Wood himself has already been Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Minister for Education, and Minister for Agriculture, though he is only 44. Some day he will inherit his father's title, but the Viceroy of India is always made a peer before he takes up his office.

### Advantages of a Fresh Mind

Some people are asking why somebody who knows India has not been appointed. But it has been a tradition in English public life that a man who comes to the problems of such a post with a fresh mind often does as well as an expert. He will have plenty of experts to advise him. It has been suggested that Mr. Baldwin thinks that "as the Premiership can be filled by a quiet Englishman of average abilities, limited political experience, and no showy qualities, so also may the highest position in the Empire overseas."

We must hope that between now and April the political situation in India will have improved. It is better than it was, but it must remain difficult while the country is waiting for the further reforms promised. Britain wants nothing but India's good, and Mr. Wood will carry on Lord Reading's policy of getting all the help he can from Indians themselves in securing that good.

## IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

### The Terrible Adventure Under a City

Beneath the streets and trams and moving vehicles and people of Manchester a dreadful accident overwhelmed and buried men of whose existence those above knew nothing.

Men and women and children of Manchester and Salford were going about their work when 2000 feet below them, in a coal-pit, an explosion brought down the roof of one of the workings and entombed eight miners in the fall. The shaft of the pit is two miles away at the Pendleton Collieries, but the workings stretch far under nearly the whole of the great area of Pendleton and Salford. The spot where the explosion took place is so far from the pit-mouth, and so hard to reach because of the narrow windings of the track, that it was more than two hours before help could reach the spot. It was five hours after the explosion that some dead men were brought up, but others were left buried there with no hope of rescue, and while they lay dying there in the darkness the busy life of Manchester, all unconscious of their fate, went on above them.

Such is the price that is paid for our warm firesides on a winter's night.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Diaz . . . . .	De-ahth
Genoa . . . . .	Jen-o-ah
Magellan . . . . .	Mah-jel-lan
Spezzia . . . . .	Spet-se-ah
Titicaca . . . . .	Tit-e-kah-kah

## MOTHER OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR

Passing of a Fine Old Lady

### 96 YEARS OF A HAPPY LIFE

A charming old lady has passed away. She was Mrs. Cave, the mother of the Lord Chancellor, and she was 96 when she died. She was able to say "It is 76 years since I was married." And on her birthday in June, when the Richmond postmen were kept busy taking telegrams and letters to Wardrobe Court, where she lived, Mrs. Cave said: "Tell everyone I am very well, and so very happy."

What a triumphant thing life can be, we think! It fills us with awe to think that one spark of existence can keep alight so long, defying time and disease and decay.

We have to turn to our histories for records of mid-Victorian times, their grandeur and pomp, for the thousand conflicting events of the later part of the century, for the great roll of progress that stopped at the beat of drums for the Great War. But Mrs. Cave needed no books; she had lived through it all. She was like the school child who was heard to say, "Well, thank goodness we were alive in the Great War. We shan't have to learn it at school."

### A Busy and Happy Mother

We need only think for a minute to realise what pictures must have passed before the eyes of this girl who married 76 years ago. Her husband, Thomas Cave, was at one time Sheriff of London, and for fifteen years Liberal M.P. for Barnstaple. A great many echoes of the outer world rang in the house where the wife and mother was so busy and happy. Her ten children were growing up.

Life, sparing this vigorous lady, took from her those she loved. Thirty years ago she lost her husband; ten years after that her eldest son. Five of her grandsons paid the debt of an English house to England during the war. But the old lady clung bravely to what was left, set up a gallant fight against the natural diminishing of vitality as advanced years were reached. She was determined not to grow aged in her mind, and many people in Richmond, and in her wide circle of friends, will remember her companionableness, her keen interest in everything, her happy ways. To be very old and very happy is something very beautiful.

## A BOY WITH THE COURAGE OF DAVID

### A Finger for a Life

When a boy lives in the country districts of a place like New South Wales he learns to have his wits about him if he is trusted with a gun.

Clive Ball was out after rabbits near Bowman's Creek, and, finding them rather scarce, thrust his hand down a burrow where he thought one had disappeared. He felt a stinging prick, and as he drew his hand out sharply, saw a double black puncture on his finger.

Being a New South Wales boy, he knew what had happened. He had been bitten by a snake. But, having a quick mind as well as a gun, he knew what to do, and he did it with instant courage. He put the punctured finger-tip on the top of the gun barrel, pulled the trigger, and blew the finger-tip off. The blood poured out and washed away the poison before it could circulate into his system.

Then, with his bleeding finger, he walked home, and was bandaged and taken to hospital. No further symptoms developed, and the doctor who examined him declared that his prompt action had saved his life.

## THE PASSING OF THE FEZ

Turkey Losing a Familiar Sight

### LITTLE RED CAP GOES THE WAY OF THE PIGTAIL

If a straw shows which way the wind blows, other events, seemingly almost as trivial, need not surprise us if they also show the trend of currents of opinion. There is a world of meaning in the fact that the Turks are altering their fashions in men's hats, and are about to erect their first statue in the likeness of a man.

The fez is the round, flat-topped felt hat which has been worn for centuries by the Turks, not only in Turkey proper, but in Greece, Albania, Persia, Egypt, and other Mediterranean countries; it was always the fez or the turban with these peoples. The fez is to go, yet its wearers are not to return to the turban; they are to wear bowler or trilby hats, even cloth caps if they choose, like the peoples of the West.

### First Moslem Statue

It is a little thing, but it is as significant as the abandonment of the pigtail a few years ago by the Chinese, who had borne this symbol of servitude from the days of an alien conquest long ago.

But the decision to erect a statue in Constantinople to Mustafa Kemal Pasha is a much more striking example of revolutionary change, for it will probably prove the first of its kind ever raised to a Moslem in a Moslem country. The Koran expressly forbids the making and use of images.

"O, true believers" (we read), "surely wine and lots and images and divining arrows are an abomination and the work of Satan; therefore, avoid them that ye may prosper."

### An Immense Change

The word lots refers to gambling; the prohibition of images is clear. The Moslem belief is that anyone who makes an image of man or animal must, at the Day of Judgment, surrender his own soul to the image; and in the present instance the Turks have taken the precaution of handing over the work to an Austrian sculptor. Even so, the making of this statue marks an immense change in Moslem religious practice.

During the seven centuries of their great power and conquests the Moslems erected magnificent buildings, castles, fortresses, and mosques in many cities; work characterised by fine artistic feeling, yet lacking a single representation of man or animal. Those grand old architects and sculptors feared the threat of the Koran, and suppressed gifts for sculpture which might have given us figures worthy to rank with those of Greece and Rome. *Picture on page one*

## IN THE ATTIC

### An Old Bundle and a Little Fortune

Attics and cellars are very fascinating places for hide-and-seek.

A famous Caxton book has been found in a cellar near Colchester, and someone has been rewarded for making a thorough search in an attic in Mayfair by finding some sheets of most rare stamps that lay hidden there for about 60 years. It really takes one's breath away to hear that they have been sold for over five thousand pounds.

We wish we knew more of their story; whether they were put in the attic on purpose, or thrown there by a careless housemaid, or (here is the magic) carefully hidden. Sixty years ago they probably cost about £40. They might have been hidden by someone who knew how their value would increase, or they might—who knows?

Anyhow, it is very cheering to think that we can still, in these practical days, go into an attic to look for any old thing and suddenly find a fortune.

## THINGS SAID

### WANTED, NELSON'S LAST SIGNAL

The Law, the Rogue, the Goose, and the Common

### THE SAFEGUARD OF THE FUTURE

We are rediscovering the educational value of the drama. *Lady Mabel Smith*

If there were no mosquitoes there would be no malaria. *Dr. Andrew Balfour*

An artist comes into the world to give pleasure. *Chaliapin*

Do not go barking about Russia; concentrate on developing our own Empire. *Mr. Ormsby-Gore*

Generosity becomes more generous when generously responded to. *Lord Reading*

The glass of beer is enthroned in regal state. *Sir George Paish*

The English tongue is the richest in the world for dignity, subtlety, music, and power. *Mr. John Galsworthy*

Most people who cater for public taste are in error in supposing that the taste is as low as they suggest. *Bishop of Manchester*

Every time there is a conflict between imagination and will power it is always imagination that wins. *M. Coué*

It is easier to prosecute a rogue who steals the goose from the common than he who steals the common from the goose. *Sir Oliver Lodge*

Hoist Nelson's last signal on every steeple and every tall factory chimney in the sight of all England. *Lord Darling*

Above all, we must inculcate a war-like spirit. *Mussolini*

The aim of education is to send boys out into the world to contribute some service to a nation for which many have died. *Lord Eustace Percy*

No professor who believes in God would be allowed to teach in Moscow. *A Moscow professor*

It is the duty of the British race to train up the infant races so that they can take their share in the development of the world. *Lord Stanley of Alderley*

The Americans are the most prosperous people under the Sun, not because they have gold but because they have not drink. *Mr. Lloyd George*

Great as England's past has been, it is nothing to what her future may be. *Bishop of St. Albans*

There is in the modern world a general revolt to get away from the fact that two and two make four. *Mr. G. K. Chesterton*

The old standards will persist in spite of jazz, with its jingly tunes, jerky rhythms, hooting saxophones, and the plong-plong of banjos. *Dr. H. Coward*

Had it been my good fortune to have sons I would spend my capital in giving them education rather than leave them something when I die. *Mr. Justice Sankey*

Like gravitation in the physical realm, the law of the Lord in the moral realm bends for no man and no nation: All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. *Dr. Fosdick of New York*

I think Sir Walter Scott gave up shooting because he could not stand the reproach in the eye of the blackcock. *Mr. Isaac Foot*

It is one of the safeguards of the future that there everlastingly appears from the humblest houses ability equal to anything the country has ever known. *The Speaker*



## THE KING'S RENT

Six Horseshoes and  
61 Nails

### ODD OLD CUSTOMS

One of the quaintest old customs in London is the City Corporation's annual payment of quit rent at the Law Courts to the King's Remembrancer.

The City Solicitor the other day paid the quit rent by handing over six horseshoes, 61 nails, a bill-hook, a hatchet, and two faggots. It is an odd kind of rent to pay, especially as part of it is paid for a building of which there is now not even a trace.

The place where the Law Courts now stand was once a field used by the Knights Templar for their tilting exercises, and it seems that in 1235 the King granted to a farrier the right to build a forge there. The City is still paying the farrier's old rent, which was fixed at six horseshoes and 61 nails—ten for each shoe and one to spare.

The bill-hook, hatchet, and faggots are the old rent for a piece of land that is situated in Shropshire.

## ALPINE WIRELESS

### A Life-Saving Station

The first Wireless Rescue Station in the Alps has been fitted up.

It is at St. Marguerite's Hut, 5250 feet above sea-level, on the route to the summit of Monte Rosa. It is expected that it will be of great assistance in saving human lives.

Many victims are claimed each year from the great number of mountain enthusiasts. Usually, if a climber or even a whole party of climbers be in danger, the guide is forced to spend many hours in getting down to the valley in search of help, and it has often happened that the rescue party arrived too late to save the victims of a crevasse or an avalanche. Now, from this wireless station, it will be possible to summon aid from the mountain itself, and half a day or even more will be gained in circumstances in which even minutes may be of the utmost value.

## BIG SISTER FOR AN OLD BRIDGE

### 300 Years Between Them

How strongly and well our ancestors built is shown by the old James the Sixth bridge at Berwick-on-Tweed, which has been carrying traffic across the River Tweed for three hundred years.

More than eleven hundred feet long, with fifteen arches, it was a great engineering feat of its day; but the time has come when the increase of motor-cars has made it necessary for a second bridge to be built.

We are glad to hear that the new bridge, which will be finished in two years, will be a worthy companion to its fine old neighbour. It will have an imposing main arch more than 360 feet wide, a record for reinforced concrete bridge-building in Britain.

## SEEDS FOR FORESTS

### Collecting Them in Tons

A wonderful machine which has been set up at New Westminster by the Forestry Department of British Columbia extracts 300 pounds of seeds every 24 hours from such trees as the Douglas fir, the Sitka spruce, and the red cedar.

Timber is used nowadays on such an immense scale that the seeds for planting forests have to be used by the ton, and immense supplies are needed. The seeds extracted by machinery have been found to germinate very successfully, as much as 65 per cent, and this year the British Government has ordered over three tons of fir seed and a ton of spruce. The seeds are no bigger than a grain of wheat, and are extracted by the machine from the fir cones.

## BOY SCOUTS BUILD A HOME



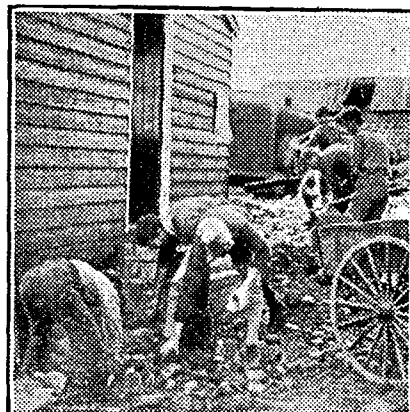
Bringing up a tree for the foundation supports



Covering the roof and painting the window-frames



Putting the finishing touches to the outside



Clearing away the debris from the completed building

The members of the Hiawatha Troop of Boy Scouts at Hendon, Middlesex, have been building their own headquarters, and, as can be seen by these pictures, they have carried out the task in a thoroughly workmanlike and efficient manner

## THE LADY OF LEADENHALL STREET

### A Prehistoric Londoner

### LEAVING THE CITY FOR THE WEST END AFTER 30,000 YEARS

It was in the City of London that the first Palaeolithic flint implement unearthed in England was discovered in 1690, and it is of much interest to know that portions of the skull of an ancient woman have recently been found during excavations on the site of the new Lloyd's building in Leadenhall Street.

These important relics of Palaeolithic man occurred at a depth of 26 feet below the street, and were embedded in gravel from which has already been obtained fossil bones of the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros.

### The Strange Neanderthal Race

The gravel bed beneath Leadenhall Street represents one of the terraces of the Thames, and was laid down when the river was flowing at a considerably higher level and was much wider than now. Professor Elliot Smith, who has examined the skull fragments, thinks it possible that the individual represented may be one of the strange Neanderthal race, and, if this should be correct, the City of London will have to be accorded the honour of being the one place in England where Neanderthal human bones have so far been found. But it is possible that the skull may have belonged to a very primitive member of our own species. It appears that these specimens are in a definitely fossilised state, and that they belong to a woman. An examination of the cast of the brain shows that this ancient lady of London was left-handed.

### Reindeer in the Thames Valley

It is probable that she lived about 30,000 years ago, when the Thames was flowing at about the level of the Strand and a very cold climate was present in England. In those days the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, reindeer, and wild horse inhabited the Thames Valley, and were hunted. It is indeed a vast space of time from Leadenhall Street today to the day when it was part of a far-stretching, primeval solitude, and when such a scene as is depicted in Langdon Smith's lines may well have taken place:

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge  
And shaped it with cunning craft;  
I broke a shank from the woodland dank  
And fitted it head and haft.  
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn  
Where the mammoth came to drink;  
Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,  
And slew him upon the brink.

It is gratifying to know that the remains of this old Londoner have been presented by Lloyd's to the Anatomical Museum of University College.

So this Lady of Leadenhall Street leaves the East for the West End after perhaps thirty thousand years.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY

### Children Do Better in the Countryside

In the United States, as in England, the country people are pressing onwards into the towns.

In England eight out of ten people are town-dwellers. In America, where the great empty spaces furnish so much more room and opportunity, there are already three million more people living in towns than on the land.

But there, as in England or anywhere, the country is the best place for growing children. There are two million more children in the fields and fresh air of what Americans call God's Own Country than in all the towns put together. That seems to show one of two things: either that when people live the simple life more children are born, or that children thrive better in such circumstances.



## BLOWING UP A PIECE OF HISTORY

### LANCASHIRE LOSES A GREAT HOUSE

#### The Place Where a Woman Defied Oliver Cromwell's Men HEROIC LADY DERBY

There must have been many sad hearts in Lancashire when the news came that Lathom Hall was nothing more than a heap of rubble and dust. The Pride of Lancashire they used to call this Grecian mansion, the seat of the Earls of Lathom and other notable families in the past. About two miles from Ormskirk, the house which has just been destroyed was built about the middle of the 18th century, so stoutly and with such formidable skill that it took 16 explosions to destroy it.

But before that house there was one even more notable, the castle begun by Robert de Lathom in the reign of Edward the First, often visited by kings, and made immortal in the Civil War by the gallant defence made by the beautiful Countess of Derby against the troops of Cromwell.

#### Bright Episode of the Civil War

The defence of Lathom House by Lady Derby was one of the brightest episodes in the great Civil War. Lord Derby had marched to join King Charles, leaving his wife with a guard of 300 men and servants.

But Lathom House was fortified with a wall two yards thick, strengthened by nine towers, each of which contained six pieces of cannon, and with a palisade and moat within. The Parliamentary army threw up earthworks some 200 yards away from the walls. On February 27, 1644, came General Fairfax, to take charge of the siege. The next day he sent this message to Lady Derby:

"The Parliament sends you this ordinance, requiring of you that you do yield up Lathom House upon honourable conditions, and they declare that their mercy shall be shown to your husband if he will submit to their authority."

#### A Shot in the Dining Room

"Greatly surprised indeed am I," replied the countess, with spirit, "that Sir Thomas Fairfax should require me to give up my lord's house without having committed any offence against the Parliament. Go, tell Sir Thomas that I desire a week's truce wherein to consider this demand."

Fairfax realised that this was but a ruse to gain time, and refused the request. The siege went forward. Lady Derby lashed the Royalist banner to the Eagle Tower, and conducted the defence with energy and calm courage. She sent out successful sallies, effecting captures of both arms and prisoners, with but very little loss. On one occasion a shot thrown by a large mortar fell into the room where Lady Derby was dining with her children and officers. The heroine rose from the table, found that no one was injured, and ordered another sally. Rigby, Fairfax's successor, sent in another letter demanding surrender.

#### A Proud Answer

Lady Derby tore it in pieces, and, summoning the messenger, exclaimed:

"Your reward for this work should be that I should hang you at my gate, but you are only the foolish instrument of a traitor's pride. Tell the insolent rebel, Rigby, that he shall have neither persons, goods, nor house of mine. When we are spent we shall find a fire more merciful than he is; and then my goods and my house shall burn in his sight, and we all will seal our religion and loyalty in the flames rather than fall into his hands."

On May 25 word was brought that Prince Rupert was marching to relieve her, and the siege was abandoned.

## A HERO AND A SNEAK

### Carrying Off a Life Saver's Parcel

#### CONSCIENCE MAKES AMENDS

On Saturdays, when the policeman is not looking, the children from Lots Road and the World's End, Chelsea, perch like a row of impudent sparrows on the coping of the Chelsea Embankment by the bridge, where there is a little garden and other attractions. But the chief attraction is to dangle your legs over the flowing Thames till the policeman or somebody else says you must not do it. While this game was going on a Saturday or two ago one of the children overbalanced and fell in. The little gutter sparrows have done that before.

On this occasion a boy about fifteen, whose name is Taylor, and who lives close by, was carrying a parcel, and saw it happen. There was hardly anybody else about, or perhaps the children would have been chased off, and, finding himself in the position of being the only person to act as rescuer, Taylor did not hesitate. He looked round, saw a woman, handed her his parcel to hold, and plunged in after the child.

#### Back to the Embankment

The Embankment wall is steep here, and though Taylor got to the child he could not climb out. But by this time a little crowd had assembled, and a policeman; and the united efforts of the policeman and another man got Taylor and the child safely back on to the Embankment. Without doubt Taylor was the hero of the hour. But his first thought was for his precious parcel with his sister's dress in it, and the woman who held it had gone!

For a few minutes Taylor could not believe it. The sympathetic crowd gathered round him offering suggestions. "Someone's stolen the poor lad's parcel," they told one another. "What a shame!" They did more than sympathise. They started a collection. But before they could hand it to him the poor boy, wet and shivering, began to cry, and pushed his way through them to run miserably home.

#### Returned by Post

If that were the end of the story we should hardly like to tell of an act so mean, and all the meaner by contrast with the boy's own splendid courage. But it was not the end of the story. On the Tuesday night following the postman knocked at the door of the house where Taylor lived, bringing with him a parcel that had been sent all the way from Nottingham.

It contained the missing dress. Whoever had taken it had repented. Conscience, like coincidence, has a long arm. They had sent it back.

## GOOD EUROPEANS

### How Germany and France Made it Up

M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, has been telling how he and Herr Luther, the German Chancellor, set about the work of peace-making at the Locarno Conference.

"We are here," said M. Briand to the Chancellor, "to accomplish a great task. We shall succeed or fail, according to the spirit in which you and I interpret that task. If we come as a German and a Frenchman we shall fail. If we come here as Europeans, or rather as citizens of the world, we are assured of success."

They succeeded, and now we know why they succeeded.

## GOOD RICHARD OASTLER

### A Children's Friend of Long Ago

Sixty-four years after his death Leeds has done honour to one of her greatest sons, Richard Oastler, the factory children's friend. A memorial tablet has been unveiled in Leeds Parish Church.

It is difficult to realise that when Oastler set to work, in 1830, to get the law altered there was no restriction at all, except to some extent in the cotton trade, on the number of hours little children might work in factories.

Three years later children under eleven were limited to nine hours a day and older children to twelve! It was twelve years later still that Mrs. Browning wrote *The Cry of the Children—Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers?*—and it was not till 1847 that the employment of children under nine was forbidden, and that of older children limited to ten hours.

But in 1838, when he was 49, Oastler had had his post as an estate steward taken from him for his attacks on the factory and poor law systems, and he fell into debt. For this he was kept for over three years in the Fleet Prison, which stood a few doors from the C.N.

## 20,000 BAD MEN

### How to Find Them

There are at least 20,000 criminals who travel about the world doing wrong. The police of every country would like to know them. How is it to be done?

It is all very well to take their fingerprints, but how is that to help if they do not oblige by giving their right names? The prints may be sent to London, say, or New York. But the police in these two cities alone have a collection of half a million finger-prints. How is the duplicate to be found among these?

Before the war a commissioner of police in Copenhagen invented a system of indexing these prints. He represents the different characteristics of the skin of the finger-tips with numbers, so that each print can be described fairly accurately by a series of numbers. After that it is simple to index the numbers.

An International Bureau of Identification has been started in Denmark, where they say that with a book of the finger-prints indexed by the Danish system any criminal could be identified in five minutes.

## CHALIAPIN

### A Russian in Merry Mood

Chaliapin, the great Russian singer, is back in London.

He can speak English now, though when he came here for the first time, not so very long ago, he could speak nothing but Russian. And now that he is such a linguist himself, the merry-hearted singer has been having a joke with a journalist who called to see him.

"You English are so funny," he said. "You say you cannot speak languages. But the last time I dined in Soho a lady came up to me and asked:

"Quand you chant here, monsieur?"

"Third November, dear lady," I replied, in good English.

"Oh!" said the lady, "I viens you entendre, then."

Chaliapin is a great joker. He has had a hard life, from the days when he was a boatman on the Volga till the days when suffering came to him with the Bolshevik Revolution. But he can even joke about that, as a good story shows.

He went to the Zoo in Frankfurt during his recent tour of Germany. While he was gazing at the camel, he tells us, an old woman, very poor and ill-clothed, asked him what it was.

"It is a horse which has come from the Bolsheviks in Moscow."

"Heavens!" cried the old dame. "What have the brutes done to the poor horse's back?"

## TWO MEN IN THE AIR AND THE WONDERFUL THING THEY DID

### Trying to Break the Wings of Their Planes

#### BRITISH PLUCK AND BRITISH SKILL

Of all the thrilling chapters that make up the story of the conquest of the air it seems that the most thrilling has just been written.

Two men went up into the sky with the deliberate intention of smashing the wings of their planes.

Think of it! Twenty years ago the aeroplane was still a dream tormenting the inventor's brain; now the machine is so perfected, and such a quality of manhood has been developed in the service of the air, that an exploit like this is taken as part of the day's work. Britishers everywhere will glow with pride as they read the story.

The two pilots set out from the Martlesham Heath aerodrome in Suffolk in the swift single-seater planes known as Grebes. Before leaving the ground each made his parachute secure.

The planes mounted a long way before they prepared for the dive which was to test the strength of the wings. They climbed for upwards of three miles.

#### To Earth Like a Rocket

Then each pilot swung his machine nose down, and, with engine full on, dived earthward like a rocket, almost vertically, until the incredible speed of 240 miles an hour was touched. Then the testing moment came, the moment that might mean death. It found the men ready.

Down in the valley of that shattering speed each pilot jammed on his control and forced the plane instantly into a steep upward thrust. There are few wings which will stand that crashing reverse. The pilots prepared to spring clear, trusting to their parachutes to bring them safely down. But if it was a triumph for British pluck it was also a glorious triumph for British workmanship. It makes us feel that British goods are really worth the boast we make of them. The wings of the little Grebes were scarcely bruised. The airmen came down, and it was seen that a slight adjusting of the bracing wires was all that was needed. Then the Grebes, like the famous regiment, would be ready to go anywhere and do anything. Long may they fly, braving the winds that blow above the world.

## KNOSSOS

### Treasure of Old Crete

Sir Arthur Evans, whose researches into the ancient history of Crete are so well known, has made further important discoveries at the site of Knossos.

The season's work, just concluded, has been devoted to completing the reconstruction of the west wing of the palace, and already much of the plan has been recovered in all its essential features.

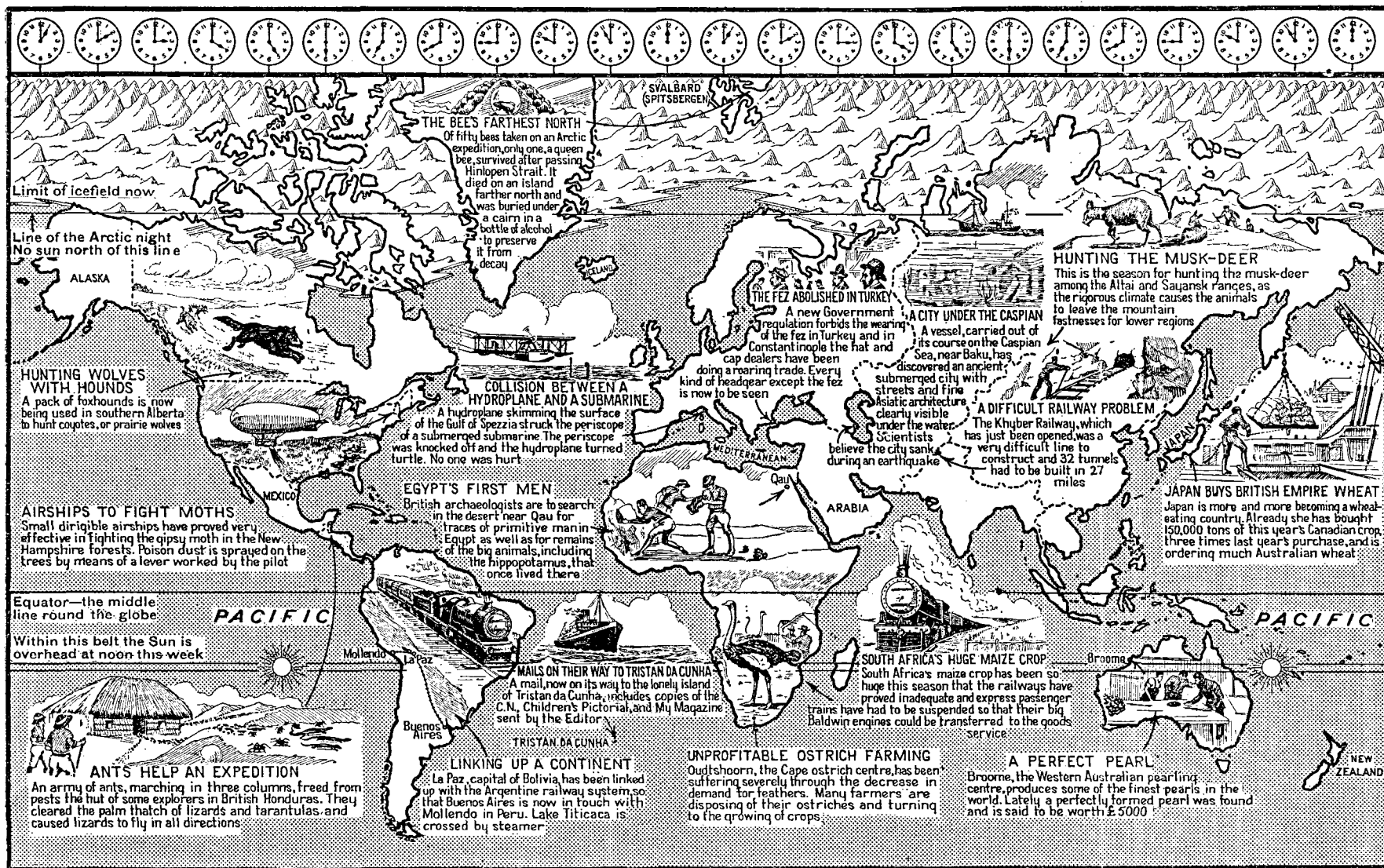
The new excavations of the ruins of the great palace of the Sea Kings of Crete are showing that the site was at one time occupied by a still older building, of which very little is known at present.

It is evident that during the time of the existence of the palace a great earthquake was experienced in Crete, and this resulting in the destruction of many of the buildings of that period has made more difficult the attempt to reconstruct these ancient habitations.

A trench cut near an east wall struck the edge of a stone vessel containing the figures of the Snake Goddess and her votaries, which had doubtless served the same purpose as the treasury of a sanctuary, connected with the religious observances of those days.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## LONDON MAGISTRATES Guides, Philosophers, and Friends of the Poor

London has just lost two of its well-known magistrates by death.

This is no light loss to the greatest city in the world. The police magistrates of London, like the London policemen, are unique. There is no body of men to be compared with them, save perhaps the Indian Civil Service, which is drawn from the same class of splendid public-school boys and university men, athletes, scholars, and men of common-sense, sympathy, and the most scrupulous sense of justice.

Their work demands all these qualities, for the poor people of London would be lost if they were told that the only function of the Bench was to administer the punishments laid down by the law for minor offences. Often the poor man and woman come to see the magistrate as a friend whose advice they need in their troubles. They ask him about their rent difficulties, about the trouble they may be having with a neighbour, or about what to do with a disobedient child. Husbands and wives bring their grievances to his sympathetic ear, and usually take his advice to make it up on the spot. The sad and lonely, who have wandered the streets destitute, know when the policeman brings them to court that the magistrate is going to help and not to punish them.

Nothing is more remarkable to those who enter a police-court as spectators for the first time than the respect which those in the dock, as well as those who merely come with their pack of troubles to unload, seem to have for the kindly gentleman on the Bench. They know that his knowledge, experience, and his sympathy are at their disposal, and that if his hand falls upon them with any severity it is because they deserve it, and because he wants to save them from further follies.

## THE LIGHT ON THE WIND SCREEN A Motoring Danger

A motor-car accident has been caused in Westmorland by the Sun's rays being reflected blindingly from the glass of the wind-screen into the eyes of an approaching motorist.

It is one of those accidents which are said to be inevitable till someone finds a way of making them impossible. The deflection of sunlight from a wind-screen is of the same kind as its reflection from window panes at sunset. Part of the sunlight passes right through, some of the rays being bent, while some are totally reflected from the inner surface of the glass. It is these which catch our eyes, and in the window pane they vanish as the sinking Sun alters his angle. From the back surface of the wind screen they are reflected to the eye just so long as the angle for reflection is preserved.

## THE HARE AND THE CAR A Flying Leap That Failed

A hare that dashed across the road in Southland became a victim and a sad illustration of one of the laws of moving bodies, which is that when two of them come into collision the force of the impact depends on the weight and speed of both.

The hare took a flying leap across the road in front of a fast-moving motor-car, but the leap was just not fast or far enough, for the poor frantic animal struck the lamp on the far side. There are not many things that seem softer than a furry hare, but the car was moving at thirty miles an hour and weighed something like a ton. Therefore the hare and the car came together at sixty thousand foot pounds a second, and soft as the poor hare's head was, it sufficed to bend back the half-inch steel rods supporting the lamp, and smash the glass and the bulb into fragments.

## THE LIVING LADDER A Brave Path to Safety

In Canning Town, where there are miles upon miles of poor streets and crowded little houses, there is still room for heroism and the helping hand.

There was a fire in one of the little houses in Victoria Dock Road, and some people were in peril on the top floor, afraid to jump. The fire-engine had not arrived, but the Canning Town crowd soon found out a way.

Four workmen on their way to work formed themselves into a human ladder up the side of the house, and down the ladder six people from the scorching bedroom were brought to safety.

## COMRADESHIP AT SEA Food Supply for a Schooner

A schooner tossing about for fifty days, trying to cross from Cadiz to Newfoundland, found herself with only one day's provisions on board and still far from land. So she signalled the mighty White Star liner Baltic and asked for help.

The Baltic hove to and her captain sent aboard a plentiful supply, and after two hours both the Baltic and the Lady St. John sped rejoicing on their several ways. Such is the comradeship of the sea.

## A COW'S ESCAPE Frightened by its Reflection

Becoming frightened in a Nottingham street, a cow dashed along for about two miles, scattering people in all directions.

Attracted by its own reflection in the glass of a big store, the animal rushed into the shop, smashing a window. The cow then attacked a man in the entrance to another shop, and he escaped by throwing himself on the ground and crawling under the animal's body. Eventually the animal was captured, and driven off in a cattle float.

## FISHES KILLED FROM THE SKY An Odd Note About the War Days

### THE BIRD'S WARNING

A book has just been published telling fully for the first time the story of the air raids on London and the country generally during the war.

One or two interesting points are made. For example, our aeroplanes, before finally banishing the Zeppelins from our skies, drove them so high that the crews were helpless through intense cold, air sickness, and unfamiliar height.

One of the strangest things is that a Zeppelin bomb which fell in Hyde Park killed all the fish in the Serpentine through the shock of the explosion.

The personal experience of our Natural Historian enables him to add that the night raids used to raise all the birds from the ornamental waters in the parks and to cause them to fly screaming and chattering through the streets. Between one attack and another on a given night the little brown owls would shrill like the tiny steam whistles of distant ships.

Most curious of all was the conduct of certain nesting blackbirds. During bombardments they were as silent as the grave, and so continued as the machines passed away; but when the Gothas turned again, or when new ones were coming on, the nesting blackbirds heard them long before the human ear could hear a sound.

They gave instant warning, the sharp notes which they utter by day when cats menace the flown baby blackbirds.

## MOSQUITO PEST A Picture Life-Story

The mosquito has become a pest in England, and several deaths have been attributed to its bite this year.

The interesting life-story of the mosquito is told in a series of pictures in this week's Children's Pictorial.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 21 1925

### As Others See Us

Two travellers from abroad have been saying some memorable things about England. One of them is a retiring ambassador from the East; the other is an American visiting London after twenty-five years. The ambassador, who is leaving us, gives travellers this warning: "If you travel round the world England is the one place you should avoid, because you will always want to come back. It is a magnet."

The American declares that as he walked down our streets he felt as bewildered as Rip Van Winkle when that famous person finished his twenty years' nap and returned to his native village.

Everything is changed, and unfortunately there are changes for the worse. Famous houses in Mayfair are to let. Young men are begging in the streets. As France has a war-devastated area Britain has a war-devastated trade. Can she survive her misfortunes, or will agitators be able to make such use of them that the final remnants of her prosperity are brought to ruin?

Our American thinks we shall triumph over our great troubles because what Washington Irving said of her is still true:

It is in the moral feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and howsoever the superstructure may be time-worn, or overrun by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the structure of an edifice that so long has towered unshaken amidst the tempests of the world.

It is wholesome to reflect upon these things, to know our national virtues as well as our vices; not that we may be content with what they did for us in the past, but that they may show us the way out of our present troubles. The bull has one means of defence, the snake another, and it would be of no use for either to copy the other's ways. We suffer whenever we lose the courage of being ourselves. Once English music led the world, but Italian and German music became fashionable, and our own people, slavishly trying to copy it, failed, so that music almost died out altogether in this nest of singing birds. Thus it may be again. We who have led the world in government shall not find a remedy for our troubles in copying other countries, whether Russia or Italy. We shall suffer no dictatorship, whether of a mass of men or of one single man; but shall win through by returning to the old British tradition of hard work, honest dealing, and quiet patriotism.

In these islands there is always a revolution going on, but it is revolution by the sane, not by the insane, and we have another name for it. We call it Progress.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### The Rag and Bone Man's Balloons

WE are willing to do anything which the law tells us is for the good of the country's health, because it would be a grand thing to be able to say that England has fewer sick people than any other country. But we cannot help feeling sorry about the rag and bone man. The law says he must no longer give balloons for rags, because rags harbour germs.

The writer can remember very well, as a little girl, stowing a mass of rags in a corner of her cupboard till the day the rag and bone man came calling his weird chant at the door. A great purple balloon seemed a glorious exchange for an armful of rubbish. And now another little bit of old England is gone.

But there is no reason why the rag and bone man should not give one a penny for the rags, and a penny will buy a balloon anywhere. And think of this other glorious exchange—a few thousand less germs breathed, a little bit of England's health gained in place of the rag and bone man's balloon.

### What Do You Remember of Wembley?

What do you remember of Wembley? One of our C.N. girls remembers a woman at the Hong Kong Pavilion, and this is the picture she sees.

SHE sat just inside Hong Kong. Her eyes were bits of brown velvet let in the crinkled yellow silk of her face; her hair, black and sleek and shiny, glided away in a glistening coil. The East lay behind her and before her the West; and between them both she sat, with her wares of lace and charms of ivory.

I do not know what she thought as she sat so still and quiet there, but she held her charms in yellow hands and cried *Good luck! Good luck!* The words flowed out with an alien softness. The Good Luck, so firm, so vigorous, on an English tongue, became a melody to soothe oily babies in the shadow of the tea fields.

She did not see us as we passed. Our laughter was lost upon her, and the crisp coolness of our voices. She was listening to the faint music of Hong Kong; in her nostrils the smell of sandalwood was sweet, and she cried *Good luck! Good luck!* uncomprehending and content.

We bought a little charm. It was a Chinese lady praying; and as she put it in our hands we felt the cool remoteness of her touch. She had no part or lot in us, but turned away her luminous eyes to the far fields of tea where the women of her country were lulling their babies to sleep.

Good Luck, little lady, Good Luck.

You are indignant at ingratitude, but ask your conscience if all those who have ever helped you have found you grateful? SENECA

### Obedience

We have been asked to tell this story of something which happened some time ago.

A VERY small boy fell in the river, and as he was sinking his small sister on the bank screamed excitedly, "Keep your mouth shut, Johnny!"

The boy had always been warned by his father to do that if he fell in the water, and when his sister's shout reminded him he obeyed.

Consequently, though he sank three times and was unconscious when rescued, his mouth was still firmly shut. This had kept him from swallowing too much water, and had saved his life.

It was a wonderful lesson in obedience that all children should learn.

### Tip-Cat

A POLITICIAN thinks Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is being undermined. One more mining crisis.

WHY is it that washing-up does not redden some women's hands? Ah, there's the rub!

OWING to a strike Marconi House has been wirelessless for some days.

WE are promised an old-fashioned Christmas Carol winter. Never mind, so long as it does not come round collecting.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW

If forward children  
are a drawback

A NEW tenor weighs fifteen stone. He has been trying his scales.

WHAT causes a song to be a success? Making a song about it.

THE General Election gave Mr.

Baldwin a majority, we are told, but not a magic wand. He was quite willing to waive that.

THERE are thousands of missing links in the chain of humanity. And several of them look like it.

A LADY in a provincial town has opened a sandwich shop. You can lodge there and have a sandwich board.

MUSSOLINI is said to be looking very pale. Because wherever he looks he sees Reds.

### A New Idea from the Khyber Pass

FOR the silly old motto that if you wish for peace you should prepare for war we may now substitute a new one, that if you wish for peace you should seek it with a railway.

The railway just finished through the Khyber Pass will bring not men of war but the caravans of peace; not swords but hardware of a commercial sort; not fighting but trade. Railways have carried armies, we know, but they have carried more often the will to peace, whereas those who prepare the armaments of war usually find that the means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. Every armed nation sooner or later lets the guns go off.

## A Ride in France

By a Holiday-Maker

"AT Etaples," said our driver, "I will show you the war cemetery."

Two hundred miles through France, and must war always be with us? For one day of golden holiday may we not forget?

But our driver insists. "There it is," he says, and stops for us to get out.

We stand on a sunny hillside, looking across the wide, shining estuary of the river, where boats with brown sails glide past. Round us is a sea of graves, so terribly many, and yet "nothing like the cemeteries up nearer the line," says our driver. Can we bear to think of it on "a heavenly day that cannot die?" "Let us get on," we say, and away we drive, leaving behind the white tombstones and the sunny blue water and the fishing boats sailing up the Canche.

### Napoleon's Road

But before the day is finished we are reminded of war again. We have visited Montreuil, and from the ramparts have seen France stretched out at our feet. We are on the road to Abbeville, fifty miles an hour along a road made by Napoleon before motors were dreamed of.

"And then comes Crécy Forest, where the battle of Crécy was fought," our driver says. "There is nothing to see," he explains, but he drives slowly along the white, dusty road bordered by trees.

"Nothing to see," we think, and the idiocy of war strikes us afresh. Five hundred years ago Frenchmen were killing Englishmen at Crécy; today the cemeteries witness to the Englishmen who died fighting for France. Five hundred years hence—who knows? Will there be as little to show for it all as Crécy? We wonder.

### The Last Prayer of the Black Prince

I give Thee thanks, O God, for all Thy benefits, and with all the pains of my soul I humbly beseech Thy mercy to give me remission of those sins I have wickedly committed against Thee; and of all mortal men whom willingly or ignorantly I have offended with all my heart I desire forgiveness.

### The Immortal Part of Us

When I was a child I would lie in the hay,  
Dreamily watching the others at play.  
And now that I'm old I still lie in the grass,  
Watching the butterflies hover and pass;  
While thoughts that are coming and going at will  
Cross me as shadows are crossing the hill.  
Which of us lies here, and which one is me?  
I never can tell which of us it will be.  
I never know which of us lies in the grass,  
Watching the butterflies hover and pass;  
For the one thing that never can vanish away  
Is the soul of the child who once dreamed in the hay.

C. B. L. HASLEWOOD



## PITIFUL EVENT IN THE MOUNTAINS

### BURSTING OF A WATER DAM IN WALES

#### Lake a Mile Long Pours Down Upon the Villages

#### THE CHILD ON THE MATTRESS

A pitiful disaster has come upon North Wales. The little village of Porthlwyd, on the edge of the Conway valley in North Wales, has been wiped out by the bursting of a reservoir in the mountains high above it.

The water came down after dark in a solid mass, bringing with it huge pieces of rock, some weighing a ton or more. The houses made of stone toppled over, bungalows of wood and the little church of wood were swept out into the estuary of the Conway River.

#### Thirty Drowned

About thirty people are believed to have been drowned, some being buried under the rocks and some carried into the river. The body of one little girl was carried on a mattress six miles down the river to Deganwy, by the sea, and her little sister nearly as far—an incident which, we believe, came into the story of the great Sheffield flood of long ago. Five of the brothers and sisters of these two children escaped because, like many others from the village, they were visiting a cinema show near by.

The reservoir had been made, seventeen years ago, by damming a mountain lake, Llyn Eigiau, at the point where it overflowed in a series of waterfalls to Porthlwyd. The dam raised the water level by 25 feet, the sheet being a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide—a terrific mass of water to break loose. It was not the wall that gave way but the foundations of the dam, where no one could see what was going wrong. Heavy rains had filled the lake to its utmost, causing pressure that could not be withstood.

#### A Sad Sight

Water mains from the lake led to a power station below, which supplied electricity to a great part of North Wales; and close by were aluminium works, whose furnaces exploded as the water reached them. Both these places were flooded and badly damaged. Some workmen had a very narrow escape, rescuers having to wade up to their necks to get to them.

The village itself could be reached by no one, for the tremendous fall of water from the breach above continued throughout the night and far into the next day. The sight, when it was exhausted, was pitiful. Deep mud, dotted with rocks, surrounded the ruins. Furniture and clothing and the bodies of animals strewn the whole valley. Thousands of cattle were drowned. Weeping mothers and heartbroken fathers watched the blasting of the fallen rocks beneath which their dear ones might be buried.

#### Servant or Master?

Many of the people who have lost all their possessions have lost their employment too until the works can be put in order again, and a relief fund has been opened. It is stated that the dam can be rebuilt and strengthened without much difficulty, but that is a work which the authorities will have to watch very carefully. We talk a great deal, nowadays, about using water-power to generate electricity, but we must be sure that the waters we assemble to do the work shall remain our servants and not become our masters as they did on this terrible day. *Picture on page 12*

## A WINDFALL FOR A DEAR OLD LADY

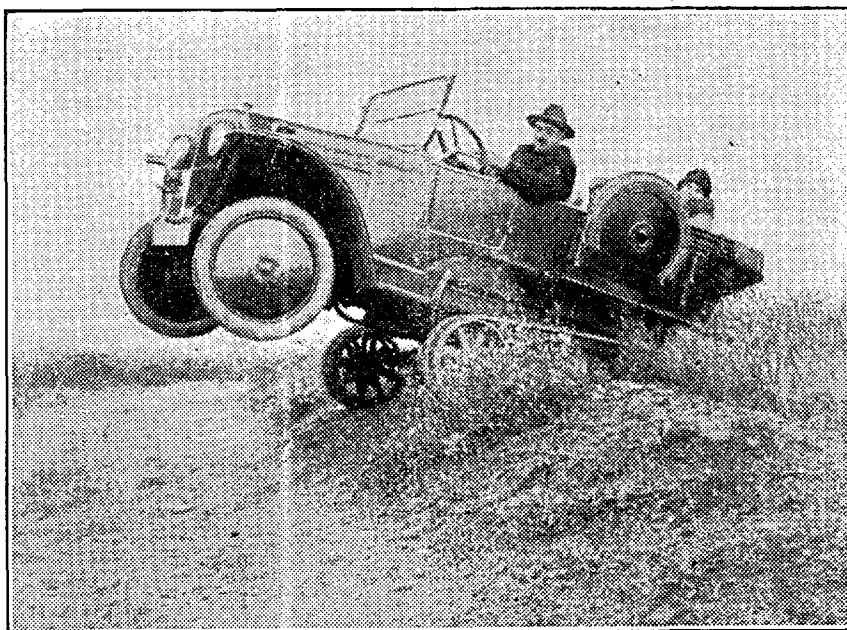
WE like to hear tales of good fortune falling to the lot of people who deserve it.

A famous firm of auctioneers in London not long ago received a letter from an old lady in the Isle of Wight who was in need of money and had only one thing to sell, a piece of French furniture which had belonged to her grandmother, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of George the Third. Might she send it to them for sale, for it would mean a great deal to her if it fetched ten or fifteen pounds?

In due course the article arrived and was put up to auction. It so happened that there were two connoisseurs present, both of whom wanted it for their collections, and the old lady's treasure brought in eleven hundred guineas!

Naturally there was a reason why this price was reached. The piece of furniture was specially made for Louis XVI of France by one of his most famous craftsmen, as a present for King George, who gave it to Queen Charlotte, who passed the present on to her Maid of Honour, the old lady's grandmother.

## A STEEPLECHASING MOTOR-CAR



The car rising on rough ground



Coming down a hillock

This car, the Citroen Kgresse, is the same type as the car that crossed the Sahara desert some time ago, and is specially suited for travelling over rough ground. As can be seen, it is quite capable of steeplechasing and engaging in a cross-country run

## GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE FISH

FIFTY million herrings were swimming in the North Sea looking for something to eat when, quite unexpectedly, fifty thousand of them butted their noses into something that, if not as hard as a rock, was certainly harder than water.

It was a fishing-net, though the fifty thousand did not know that, and they were as astonished as a herring can ever be when they found that they could not get out of each other's way, or go their own way, but must all go upwards in a struggling mass.

Worse was to come. The world in which they lived sank away. They gasped and choked. They were imprisoned in something which a herring with a historical sense would have described as the Black Hole of Calcutta. It was, in fact, the hold of a North Shields fishing boat, the Noreen.

Then, the worst having happened to the hapless fifty thousand, their luck took another turn with a suddenness surpassing the encounter with the fishing net. It set in with a bump, and then the salt, friendly sea rushed in on them.

They did not stop to see whether any of their friends were missing. All that were left of the fifty thousand fled away as fast as fin and tail would carry them to catch up with the fifty million from whom they had been parted. Soon they had forgotten all about it in searching for their daily food, and no one will ever tell them that the true explanation of their adventure was that the Noreen was struck by another fishing boat, the Phyllis Mary of Yarmouth, and sank with all her nets and fish.

The men, like the fish, were saved, but, unlike them, were taken into Yarmouth.

## POLAND'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

### Impressive Sight in Warsaw

#### A DAY TO REMEMBER

A beautiful ceremony took place in Warsaw on All Souls' Day. Poland's Unknown Soldier was buried in the mausoleum built for him in the heart of the city.

Poland, that beautiful country of pathetic memories, called up all her dear ones, summoned the past and the present to witness the honour paid the men whose lives were laid down in the Great War. It was a very beautiful thought to choose the day of the Church's remembrance of the great departed for that last act of homage.

#### A Mother's Choice

To imaginative people All Souls' Day is a very gracious religious festival, reminding us of all the millions who have died in the long past, human, like ourselves, as eager to live and be loved.

It must have seemed that the body of Poland's Unknown Warrior was carried through ghostly ranks of men who had given all for Poland not only in the Great War but in how many other wars?—men who, were they granted just one more sentence to utter, would have said *Fight on!* for the land they loved was pining for liberty.

A soldier's mother chose the nameless grave in the battlefield of what we used to call Lemberg. The coffin was carried on the car which bore the body of Sienkiewicz, the aged Polish writer, to Poland last year, when the exiled patriot was allowed to come home at last, to lie among princes and bishops.

#### The Chief Mourners

The honour of being chief mourners to the Unknown Soldier was given to two women whose husbands had been killed, to two mothers who had lost their sons, and to two orphaned children, and there were with them a number of men who will go halt and maim through their lives because of what they did for Poland. After these came the President of the Republic.

The mausoleum was hung round with regimental banners. Lines of soldiers stood on guard, a gun was fired, the great crowds stood in silent prayer. Then came a salute of guns to the dead, and Poland's hymn of love for her country.

No one in Warsaw will forget the sight. The boys and girls who were there will never grow too old to thrill at the memory of that day.

## THE WAR IS OVER

### Serbia and Turkey Come Into the Peace

Once again the war is over. In Belgrade and Angora something like the peace maroons we heard on Armistice Day eleven years ago have been heard, for Serbia and Turkey have declared that the war they began eleven years since is now ended.

How long it takes to right the ancient wrong! The nations withdrew from the morass of war even after the first Armistice Day more deliberately than they had plunged in, as if they were reluctant to leave its horrors. Conference followed conference and treaty followed treaty at Paris, Genoa, Washington, Geneva, and London, and still the real peace seemed shy of settling on the warring nations.

Locarno beckons peace a little nearer home, and perhaps the signing of a peace treaty between Turkey and Serbia, following on that fruitful meeting, may be a happy omen that the War is really over, the real Peace begun.



## IN A LIFEBOAT ROUND THE WORLD A Great Adventure and Why

### NON-STOP VOYAGE OF 7500 MILES

Four men are sailing from London on an adventurous voyage round the world, setting out in an old lifeboat called the Elizabeth and Blanche. They expect to be away nearly three years and to cover over 38,000 miles of sea.

It is a risky undertaking for a craft only 40 feet long and much smaller than the ship in which Columbus sailed to America. But the boat has had its seaworthiness well tested, for it was stationed on the wild Cornish coast, at Mounts Bay, for twenty-two years, and saved over ninety persons from wrecks.

#### To Secure Safety at Sea

The crew, who are under Captain G. E. Hitchens, will risk their lives, and dare hunger and thirst, to obtain information of the greatest use to people cast away in boats far from land.

For one thing, they want to show that if boats of the type of the Elizabeth and Blanche were carried by all large steamers such boats could transport passengers and crew safely and quickly to port in the event of their ship sinking.

They also want to ascertain, by trying a large variety of foods, which kinds are the most sustaining for shipwrecked folk. Boats full of people also need a lot of fresh water, so experiments are going to be made with an apparatus which Captain Hitchens has invented for the purpose of catching large quantities of rain.

#### Longest Open-Sea Passage

Leaving the Thames and steering down the Channel, the boat will first make for Madeira and the Cape Verde Islands. Then, calling at Ascension and St. Helena on the way, she will go round the Cape of Good Hope to Durban. A long journey of 4500 miles across the Indian Ocean is then in front of her before she arrives at Australia. The Elizabeth and Blanche will put into many of the ports of that continent before proceeding to New Zealand.

From Auckland the longest non-stop run of the voyage will begin. This will be across 7500 miles of lonely ocean to the Strait of Magellan, by far the longest open-sea passage ever attempted by a boat of this size.

Passing through this bleak strait, the voyagers will turn north, sailing along the South American coast to the West Indies. The United States and Canada will next be visited, the boat finally crossing the Atlantic to harbour at Penzance.

Besides Captain Hitchens there will be on board Mr. P. Nichols, the mate; Mr. L. Stewart, the engineer; and Mr. G. Moss, the wireless operator.

## THE WAR AND THE NUT America Copies a German Idea

The necessity of the war drove the German chemists to seek a way of extracting oil from the kernels of stone fruit, such as cherries, plums, and apricots. The proposal was taken up with enthusiasm, and a collection of fruit stones was organised.

Now the Americans have copied the idea on a large scale, particularly in California, and today there are half a dozen huge plants where fruit stones are treated on a commercial basis and everything useful they contain is extracted from them.

The shells are crushed and the fragments are steeped in a solution of sea salt, in which the broken shells rise to the top and the kernels sink to the bottom. After washing, the kernels are taken to the press which extracts their oil, while the broken shells are converted into charcoal.

## HELPING ONE ANOTHER

### A Young Man Catches His Bus

A C.N. reader who saw this little incident from the top of a bus sends this note.

A blind man stood on the refuge at the Elephant and Castle, tapping his stick against the kerb.

He wanted to cross the road, but no one seemed to hear the pathetic tap-tap of his stick, and after a while he called out: "Take me over the road, please." The traffic hid the refuge and the people on the pavement could not see him.

Then a jolly young man came bustling along; he could see the bus he wanted, and was hurrying along to board it before the policeman sent the traffic on. He raced past the blind man and nearly pushed him over, but, turning to apologise, he saw and understood. Forgetting his bus, he took the blind man's arm with a cheery "Sorry, old chap; where do you want to get to?" and led him across the road.

Then the traffic moved on, and, craning my neck over the top of the bus, I saw the kind-hearted young man racing after his bus, which he caught with the help of the conductor's outstretched arm.

It was only a little thing, but in a world of bustle and unrest do not little things shine out like rays of sunshine?

## THE POOR PROFESSOR A Tragedy of Learning in Paris

We can admire the thrift of the French peasant in certain circumstances, without applauding some of its consequences.

As we have lately seen, the problem of collecting taxes in France is not as simple as in England, and now we hear a fresh piece of news that does not impress us favourably with the thrifty citizens of Paris.

A Commission appointed to consider the salaries of professors attached to the École des Chartes has reported in favour of making things easier for these scholarly and industrious men, who teach in one of the highest-graded schools in the French capital. The École des Chartes is attached to the famous Sorbonne University, and one would have thought its teachers would be paid at least a living wage. Yet it appears that they get only the equivalent of £2 10s. a week, the wage of a girl typist in London.

How can learning flourish when it is so ill-rewarded?

## WHO LIKES EVERYBODY? I, Says a Lady of Wells

We are generally prejudiced against one or two people, however much we try not to be; but a C.N. reader talking the other day with a lady who has a jolly shop at Wells was delighted to find that she liked everybody!

"The work is too much for me to do alone," she said, "and I'm thinking of getting someone else to help, for if I had my own way I should just go on painting, painting, painting! It won't matter who comes to help, so long as she knows her job, because I like everybody; and, for another thing, I never lose my temper! What I am afraid of, however, is that she might lose her temper with me!"

This lady plays the violin, has written a play, and does the most exquisite illuminations; her room is full of the lovely things that hands can make, pottery, pictures, beautiful hand-woven material, and jewellery; but what I remember most are those words of hers, "I like everybody," and "I never lose my temper!"

## PAUL POTTER AND HIS PICTURES

On the twentieth of this month, three hundred years ago, there was born at Enkhuizen, in Holland, an artist whom Europe has been proud to remember. His name was Paul Potter. He had a short life filled with a strong purpose and a definite ambition. It would seem, from the way he worked, that he knew he would never reach middle age.

Paul was more fortunate than many painters who become great, in that from the very first he was able to work at the art he loved. His father was a landscape painter who never achieved anything remarkable, but was able to teach his boy to draw and paint. Nicolas Moeyart of Amsterdam also helped to train Paul. But even at the age when most lads are playing marbles and shirking work, Paul had learned that for him there was only one teacher, a hard teacher, Nature. The result of this intent labour was that when he was fifteen Holland was aware of him and talked of his work.

#### A Famous Study

Paul was really an animal painter. Every subject he chose was an excuse for drawing animals. When he was seventeen he painted a picture of Abraham going into Canaan, which is now in a Nuremberg gallery, but it is easy to see that all Paul cared about was Abraham's flocks and herds.

He attempted some huge pictures which were not very happy, and soon settled down to the work of his especial genius—small, simple, and direct pictures of animals in landscape. One huge canvas has survived of the period when Paul wanted to paint pictures the size of a house—the famous study called the Young Bull, which is almost life size. This picture is in The Hague Gallery, and much thought of, but it is by no means Potter's best work.

#### Simplicity and Truth

A great many people have painted animals with a landscape background. Paul Potter stands out among them as one who painted with a simplicity and truthfulness that has scarcely since been equalled. As an artist he ranks very high; as a Nature student he is acknowledged to be a great genius.

He knew nothing of moods. He brought nothing of his own temperament and expression to his work. He studied Nature in a detached way, faithfully drawing exactly what was before him, nothing more and nothing less. The result was that, where many animal painters would make an excellent picture of a certain group of sheep or cows, which might be sheep or cows anywhere, Paul Potter painted them in such a way that they were living portraits.

#### In the National Gallery

The story of his life is simple—a few years here, a few years there, in The Hague, in Amsterdam, a marriage with the daughter of an architect when he was twenty, a change of patrons now and again. But none of this was really his life, so to speak. Life was work for Paul Potter—work, Nature, a few animals, a number of small canvases and etching plates. He toiled through ill-health and the dawning knowledge that his years must be few, and he succeeded in achieving a great mass of work before he died in 1654.

His pictures are to be seen in most of the galleries of Europe. They became very precious to connoisseurs in the last century. The Dairy Farm was sold in 1890 for £6090. We have two pictures by Paul Potter in the National Gallery, and there are several in private collections. In the great array of pictures in any gallery, executed in varying moods, his work stands out like a beautiful tale told in a few simple words.

## AN EASY WAY OF MAKING ELECTRICITY A New Chance for Coal THE BEST USE OF IT

Among the many schemes for using our coal to the best advantage is one devised by Dr. Wall of Sheffield University, who hopes to turn coal directly into electricity.

His invention is based on the old idea of what is called the thermo-electric "couple." Strips of any two different metals, if fastened together at one end, will produce an electric current if the joint is heated. Bismuth and antimony are specially good in this respect, so much so that neat couples of these metals are actually used to measure temperatures. The current they produce is very small, so that a large number are usually placed together, and the instrument is called a thermopile.

Large thermopiles have been made for years for producing just enough electricity to charge a small storage battery; they are heated by a number of gas flames, and in this way the heat of the gas is turned directly into current.

Hundreds of such thermo-couples could be packed together and heated by a coal fire so as to generate electricity without the use of steam-engines and dynamos. If Dr. Wall's invention (in which he uses a new alloy) can be made a success it will be of the greatest value at a time when oil fuel is fighting for supremacy with coal.

## WHO IS FORGETTING HIS DOG?

### What to Remember Now

Far too many dogs are now whining and barking at the end of short, heavy chains, crying for the liberty without which happiness is impossible.

Every dog needs more exercise in cold weather; it makes him healthier and brings joy into his life. If he lives outside, his kennel should be sheltered from wind and rain. He likes a dry, cosy bed better than a muddy, rain-sodden cask. If he can be in the house at night, he will not keep the neighbours awake by voicing his grievance against his chain-loving owner, and he will be a better burglar-alarm.

A light lunch and a warm, substantial supper every day, or a good lunch and a light supper, are necessities. Extra meat should be given in winter.

Dogs are very much like human beings in their primary needs; they require liberal food, comfortable housing, and freedom to play or work.

## DO WE LOVE BOOKS? Or Are We Literary Humbugs?

A member of a great firm of publishers, who is very much concerned about the condition of literature, has been quoting the experience of Sir Edmund Gosse, the famous scholar and author, who declared the other day that the claim of English people to be lovers of books is largely humbug.

The publisher maintains that what Sir Edmund Gosse says is true, and he adds a further indictment. "Taken as a whole," he says, "the British people are profoundly indifferent to literature, to painting, and to music. Apart from the very small section of the population to whom art in some form or other is a great part of life, the nation does not set things of the mind on an equality with sport or making money or even with cross word puzzles."

Is he right? If he is, it is nothing to smile about. Yet another publisher told a friend of the C.N. that more poetry is being read in England today than at any time in our history.



November 21, 1925

## The Children's Newspaper

9

BIG BROTHERS  
WAITING

## Help for Boy Emigrants

A FINE NEW MOVEMENT  
SPREADING FAST IN AUSTRALIA

Every boy emigrating to Australia may have a "big brother" waiting to receive him on his arrival and help him to settle down. A Big Brother Committee has been started there to supply a big brother for every little brother who goes out, if he needs one.

From the moment of landing he will be his friend and adviser, responsible for his well-being, keeping a brotherly eye on him till he is 21. He will see that the little brother gets to a decent employer, and will write to him and, where possible, visit him, and finally help him to set up as a farmer on his own.

The little brother must have reached the sixth standard, and be recommended by his schoolmaster and two other men of position at home, and must promise to follow his big brother's advice, give good service, not drink or gamble, and save money to purchase implements and land when he is 21. He will get 15s. a week to begin with and his keep.

What a splendid idea, and how widely it could be copied! We should like to see the Big Brother Movement spread all over the world. Each one of us can be a big brother to somebody. Why not find a little brother right away? Nothing could help better to make life sweet and happy.

## THE BELLS OF MALINES

## A Little School of Players

A reader who has been to Malines sends us these notes on the famous carillon there.

The school of carillon-players at Malines is original in the sense that it is not the pupils who come to school at the hour fixed by the master, but the master who gives lessons whenever the pupils happen to be present.

Learning to play on an instrument like a carillon, consisting of three or four octaves of bells, some of which weigh eight tons, is not a simple business. In the piano the musical expression is conveyed directly from the artist's fingers to the corresponding chord; in the carillon the notes require bells of quite different kinds and hammers of various weights.

The carillon at Malines has 48 bells. The first eight weigh over 28 tons between them, and they include one which turns the scale by itself at nearly nine tons. On the other hand, the forty others weigh altogether just over five tons. The most powerful of the 52 bells in the carillon at Ghent weighs 5 tons 18 cwt., and the smallest only 17 pounds 10 ounces.

The student of carillon-playing must therefore have strong arms. Not only is the theory much more complicated than would be supposed, but the practice is hard work. The performer must play with his feet and with his fists—with his fists enclosed in a sort of leather mitten.

At Malines Jef Denyn has twenty pupils—fifteen Belgians, two Frenchmen, two Dutchmen, and one Englishman.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

16 William and Mary chairs	£1152
An Old Chinese flower-pot	£290
An Adam side table	£123
Three Louis XIV wall brackets	£121
Two engravings by A. Dürer	£110
A Queen Anne silver coffee-pot	£90
Six George III silver candlesticks	£85
A Swiss straw table	£78
A George II silver teapot	£64
A letter of Burns	£51
Pair of Rhodian mugs	£42
A letter of R. L. Stevenson	£16

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Eighty trials of public officials for corruption are proceeding in Moscow.

Wargrave Boy Scouts have built their own headquarters.

A mother and son recently graduated together from an American high school.

## The Jews in Their Homeland

There are now more than 120,000 Jews settled in Palestine.

## A Friend of Charity

Roy, the famous dog at Euston Station, has died of old age after collecting £3100 for railway charities.

## A Gramophone Improvement

Gramophone records that will run for three-quarters of an hour are being made in America.

## The Harvest of the Sea

The sea fish landed in Great Britain during the first nine months of this year weighed 12,892,116 tons.

## Sixpence

A lady in a London bus the other day found among her change a Queen Anne sixpence.

## The Russian Butter Trust

Six officials of the State Butter Trust have been condemned to death in Russia for selling butter to private traders.

## A Pound for a Penny

Knocked down by a motor-car, a little Lincolnshire boy exclaimed, "I have lost my penny!" The motorist gave him £1.

## A Golden Cargo

The Mauretania carried two million poundsworth of gold for America, when she sailed from Southampton recently.

## Esperanto

The reader who writes concerning an article on Dr. Zamenhof and Esperanto is informed that it appeared in Volume 11 of My Magazine, some years ago.

## The Morning Milk

Sir Charles Markham provides free half-a-pint of milk each morning for the scholars attending the village school at Longford, Derbyshire.

## The Light that Failed

A Toronto man operated on after twenty years of blindness excitedly exclaimed *I can see*, and died in four hours from the shock.

## The Birch Comes Creeping Up

A little C.N. lady who has just been to Sherwood Forest writes to tell us of a silver birch growing out of the centre of a great oak tree there.

## The Pope's Speeches

The Pope has delivered a thousand speeches since the beginning of Holy Year, and they are to be published in book form by the Vatican.

## Twins

At exactly the same time as an Eastbourne boy was thrown from his bicycle his twin brother was injured in another part of the town through a fall.

## Letters from Columbus

Spain is raising a fund to buy from a descendant of Columbus the heirlooms of the great seaman, and his original correspondence. The price asked for these treasures is £34,000.

## The Watch on the Thames

Last year the Port of London Authority seized and destroyed nearly 3000 tons of unsound food, mostly sugar sweepings and grain, and killed over 42,000 rats.

Miss Jane Raby, of Bath, kept her 106th birthday a few weeks ago.

There are now nearly 16,000 motor-cars in the Philippine Islands.

America consumes more petrol in eight hours than China does in a year.

## Montreal's Million

Montreal, the biggest Canadian city, now has more than a million people.

## War Relics are Cheap Today

A dealer in scrap metal has bought a captured German gun from the Cleethorpes Town Council for £7.

## A Monster Sunflower

A Peckham man has grown in his garden a sunflower ten feet high with a bloom a foot across.

## The Chimes

A Lincolnshire couple having been married for 62 years, the church bell was chimed for them 62 times.

## Gates Seen at Night

So that they may be visible at night, level-crossing gates in Italy are to be painted with luminous paint.

## Bullock's Queer Meal

Four pennies and a halfpenny have been found in the stomach of a bullock in Lincolnshire.

## Modern Ways in Old Egypt

A British firm is to build a new steel railway bridge two thousand feet long across a branch of the Nile near Alexandria.

## Tintern Abbey's Steel Splints

Tintern Abbey is being strengthened by placing steel framework in the columns, and covering it over with the old stone.

## Great Storm in the Persian Gulf

Forty boats were sunk and a thousand lives lost in the great storm in the Persian Gulf, which is said to have been the worst in living memory.

## Two Centuries of Natural History

The Swedish University of Upsala has presented to the British Museum 275 rare works on natural history written between 1697 and 1875.

## After 17 Years

A man who failed in business at Chorley, and left the town 17 years ago unable to pay his debts, has just returned and paid all that he owed.

## From New Zealand to British Schools

The New Zealand Government has given to British schools 2000 large photographs of life and scenes in the Dominion.

## A Race to Earth

In a sort of race to earth five parachute jumpers recently leaped simultaneously from a balloon at an altitude of three thousand feet. All were unhurt.

## Last of a Picturesque Arch

Visitors to Sidmouth and Exmouth will miss the picturesque natural arch at Ladram Bay, the middle part having just fallen into the sea.

## Mothers and Babies

Two cows whose calves had been taken from them broke out of their field two days later, and walked through the night till they found their babies 13 miles away.

## A Railway on Felt

Whenever relaying of track becomes necessary on the L.M.S. Railway a thick layer of felt will be placed between the chairs and the sleepers to reduce vibration and noise.

## A NEW IDEA IN MUSIC

JULIAN CARRILLO, a Mexican of Red Indian race, who was born over fifty years ago in a little village near the town of San Luis Potosi, has been paying Tampico a visit before leaving for a five-year world tour, on which he hopes to acquaint the world of music with his new theory.

This theory, which he began working on in 1895, has for its principle the introduction between the notes of the ordinary octaves of sixteenthths of a tone instead of the usual half-tones. In other words, between two full notes there would be sixteen intermediate tones, giving music a power of expression never known before.

Professor Carrillo has two or three instruments which he has made for himself in order to give a demonstration of his new theory, and they certainly seem to have impressed musicians who have seen them.

Special instruments for playing will have to be built, as those at present in use cannot be adapted.

So confident is the professor in his own discovery, and in the effects it will have on the music of the future, that he has even dared to say: "America owes a great debt to European civilisation, but with this new system of music America will pay her debt!"

We must wait and see.

FRAGMENTS OF A  
LOST COMETEARTH PASSES THROUGH  
A METEOR SHOWEREnd of a Vast Journey Through  
Space

## A GIANT METEORITE

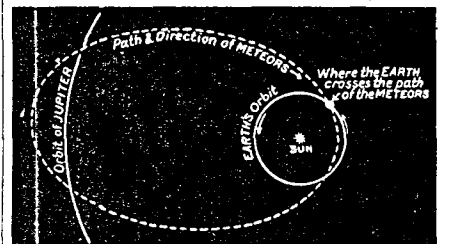
By the C.N. Astronomer

On the evenings of next Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the planets Venus and Jupiter may be seen near together, low down in the south-west sky. Venus is nearer the horizon and much the brighter of the two.

On Thursday evening they will appear at their closest, being then about six times the Moon's apparent width apart. Venus is now about 50 million miles away, while Jupiter is 540 million.

Some of the Andromeda Meteors are expected to enter our atmosphere and produce the well-known "shooting star" effect about the end of this week and the beginning of next, the nights of November 23 and 24 being most likely to reward observers.

They will appear to drop from a point high up in the south-east sky between



Orbit of the Andromeda Meteors

6 and 8 p.m., being almost overhead between 10 and 12 o'clock, radiating from the position indicated in last week's star-map of Andromeda. About midnight and afterwards is, therefore, the best time to look for these meteors, when the Moon is out of the way.

Owing to the fact that the Andromedid stream of meteors approaches our world obliquely from the rear they overtake the Earth, and their speed on entering our atmosphere is comparatively slow, between 20 and 25 miles a second, unlike the swift Leonids that approach us "head on" with a speed of upward of 40 miles a second.

The Andromedids are consequently consumed more slowly than the highly incandescent and rapidly burned-up Leonids, and the light of the Andromedids is inclined to be reddish instead of the bluish-white of the Leonids.

The Andromedids are known to be the debris of the lost Biela's Comet, and are sometimes called the Bielids. On rare occasions large pieces fall to the Earth when she encounters the densest portion of the residue strewn along the lost comet's path.

## A Messenger from Space

During a shower of these Andromedid meteors on November 27, 1885, an immense specimen reached the ground, falling at Mazapil in Mexico. It was found to be composed largely of meteoric iron, though doubtless most of its more easily consumed material was burned up in passing through our atmosphere.

As many as thirty elements known to exist on Earth, including all the most common ones, have been found in various meteorites, though all meteorites are not meteors in the same way that the Andromedids and Leonids are, that is, residue of comets.

The accompanying diagram shows the orbit or path followed by the Andromedids, over which every one of the myriads composing the swarm travels in six and three-quarter years.

It will be seen that this path extends to about 100 million miles beyond the orbit of Jupiter, so any particle that we see enter our atmosphere next week was, between three and four years ago, some 625 million miles away. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus and Jupiter south-west, Uranus south. In the morning Mars in the south-east.



# BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 13 Anyone's Game

Cox of Grenville was being tried at full back.

He flung himself like a stone at the flier's knees and, like an octopus with hundreds of arms, he gripped them. Silloth rocked and crashed, to a full-throated roar from the multitude that must have shaken every branch of the elms.

"Oh, well collared, sir! Well collared, sir! Oh, well coll—ared!"

The ball had fallen, but Cox had retrieved it first. And, with an audacity that made the crowd catch its breath, he turned defence into attack in the flash of a dream. For instead of kicking he darted across the field with it, then side-stepped and pierced the centre, going straight through. The Old Boys were taken unawares; and though Campbell brought Cox to earth, it was not before the latter had got the ball safely to Crauford.

"School! Sch-ool!" the ropes were screaming. "He's bound to get over!"

He did. For, in truth, he had very little to do except gallop on and ground the ball over the line; where he raced right round and touched down behind the posts.

What a pace Garry's heart beat; how his eyes shone! That was the way to play Rugger! Some day that was the way—Ah, but he'd forgotten again. It would never be his to do what Crauford had done, and be cheered to the echo as Crauford was being cheered now.

Hush! They are bringing the ball out. Crauford is taking the kick. Bang in front of the posts. He can't possibly miss it! But he did!

"Old man, you want your patent goalers!" grinned Spalding.

"To kick myself with, eh?" was his captain's wry answer.

However, three points up against such a side, and that in the first five minutes, was pretty good going.

Campbell, the Scotsman, had not got into his stride yet. But presently, when the School had raised a stiff siege, he slipped through a forest of hands and went for the line. Shrieks rose of "Hold him!"

But Cox's prospect of holding him was about as good as his chance of "holding" a handful of quicksilver. So the Old Boys' first try was scored by the oldest boy there, and converted into a goal by Abel, the youngest.

Two points to the good. Well, no runaway game yet; though if The Past had played together a few times before, and thus acquired a knowledge of each other's ways, their galaxy of stars might have made it a rout. But The Past lacked combination, whereas The Present's lighter Fifteen was beginning to play like one man, a machine at last. First the School was holding its own; and then, behold! it was more than holding its own.

At this stage Gigshott announced his "solid" opinion that the School would win as it liked by hundreds of points.

"Now, you men! Wheel her! Wheel, School! Ugh! Come along then!"

Thus Mostyn's grunts could be heard from the thick of his pack, pushing their foemen's scrum on the latter's own line.

"Right, School! Right!" he was gasping. "Keep to it! Right! Right!"

And round that scrum wheeled, like a vessel obeying its helm. With the ball at its toes it came round, and dribbled it onwards. The two Oxford men threw themselves gallantly in its way, but the dribblers surged over them and swept on in spate. And that was Mostyn who clutched the ball now to his breast with only the full-back between himself and the line.

"He's in!" roared the School.

And Mostyn was: with scarce a breath left in his body, spread-eagled over the ball which was hugging the turf.

Anyone's game still!

Crauford took the kick again and again he missed it. A moment after, when the whistle blew for half-time, he stalked to the touch-line and, beckoning the nearest youngster, told him to look sharp and find Soppo Tadworth and tell him to bring out his patent goalers.

Crauford was a stickler for pronunciation, so he did not pronounce the *pat* in patent to rhyme with slate, but, remembering that it came from the Latin *pateo*, he pronounced it to rhyme with cat.

"Tell Tadworth," he repeated, "to bring out my patent goalers."

"Can't be more unlucky than this pair!" he muttered, as he hurried back for his slice of lemon.

The youngster to whom he had given his message was Feddon; and off he sped, looking paler and curiously upset. For the captain's command had put him into a fix.

He didn't like to ask Garry or Kendall to go in his stead; it wouldn't be fair to take them away from the game. Not after they had been so decent; no, he wouldn't do that. And he couldn't have replied to Crauford just now, "Please, Crauford, do you mind sending somebody else? Because I've vowed that I'll never speak to Tadworth again." He couldn't have answered that, with all the people looking on! And if he had, Crauford wouldn't have listened!

All the same, he wasn't going back on his word. He would not open his lips to that brute Soppo Tadworth.

## CHAPTER 14 Soppo Obeys Orders

Thus repeating and thus most firmly resolved, Feddon wandered round to the other side of the ground, where he looked for someone to take the message for him. He was hoping he might see Tadworth there; in which case he intended to tell Soppo's neighbour and ask him to transfer it to Soppo himself.

But though he roamed up and down behind the packed line, there was not any sign of the man he wanted.

Hesitating, he took further counsel with himself. This was horrible, he reflected. He must see that the message found Soppo. He would have to rake somebody out and despatch him with it. But how dare he send chaps chasing round on errands?

Still, there was nothing for it except to risk that, or to show the white feather and run away from his word.

Pulled one way by his timidity, pulled the other by his vow, Feddon hovered a moment near group after group, until his eye fell on an affable-looking junior who was munching biscuits out of a paper bag. Feddon plucked at his sleeve and gave him the message.

The muncher, who was in Drake's House, as his cap testified, put the bag to his mouth, blew it into a ball, and exploded it with a crack under Feddon's nose. Staring hard, he demanded next:

"Who are you, pray?"

"My name's Feddon. I'm in the School House."

"Oh, are you! Are you sure that you're not a prefect? Muzzle off, and carry your own mouldy messages!"

On this rebuff, Feddon tried again with another who, looking a little bewildered, inquired gravely if Crauford had really sent the message to him?

"No," said Feddon, "it's Tadworth who's got to fetch them."

"Well, then," cried the other, more puzzled, "why come to me?"

"Oh, I thought—" stammered Feddon.

"You're dreaming!" he was told scornfully.

This would never do. Yet he stuck fast to his resolve, although all he got from the next person was an inquiry whether he, Feddon, saw any green in his eye? But at last his glance fell upon a diminutive creature, standing a little apart in meek-looking goggles. "Now," thought Feddon, "surely I can persuade that chap?" So he approached him, smiling. "Oh, I say," he began, "will you go off and find Soppo Tadworth for Crauford and tell him to bring Crauford his patent goalers?" He pronounced the word patent as Crauford had pronounced it.

Replied Benskin Minor of the Red House: "Say that again, please."

Feddon repeated it. Benskin held out his hand.

"You fork out a penny," he chirped, "and I'll take your old message!" For, innocent as Benskin Minor looked in his goggles, he had not altogether been born yesterday.

"You will?" cried Feddon, leaping at any chance.

"Yes," nodded Benskin Minor. "But none of your duds, mind! I don't want a dud penny that chaps have flattened on the line."

The bargain was struck. With two halfpennies in his moist hand, the messenger darted off with great show of alacrity; but immediately he was out of Feddon's sight he pranced back, and, pouncing upon the smallest boy in the School, he said to him, fiercely:

"Listen to me, young Lemon. Crauford says you're to go and find Tadworth, and tell Tadworth to take him his patent goalers at once."

"I've got to find Tadworth and tell him—what?"

"You've to tell him that Crauford says he'll give him what for if he doesn't take him his patent goalers at once!"

Like arrow from its bow sped the eager Lemon. Never before had he borne a message for the Captain of Rugger! He thrilled all over to be chosen for such a trust.

"Where's Tadworth? Where's Tadworth?" he buzzed round from group to group. "I say! Anyone seen Tadworth?" But nobody had.

It was unfortunate that this willing and quivering Lemon happened to be at times just a little deaf. Just now he was rather deaf than usual. Most unfortunate this, because, when he did find Soppo (very comfortable in Grubber, which he had to himself) he delivered his message faithfully as he had heard it, but not precisely as it had left Crauford's lips.

"Oh, Tadworth," he panted. "I've got a message for you!"

He was given surly permission to go and boil himself.

"But, Tadworth! It's from Crauford. It's—"

Up in a flurry jumped the best-trained fag in the School.

"From Crauford!" he ejaculated. "What is it?"

"You've got to take out to him his spats and bowler."

"On the ground?"

"Yes. You've got to make haste about it."

"You're sure he said so?"

"Dead cert!" Lemon cried, imploringly.

"Right O!" grunted Soppo, and rushed away to the School House.

As he went he wondered what Crauford wanted his spats for? And why he wanted that battered old bowler hat?

This beat Soppo utterly.

Was it for some rag? Well, that might be it. Or was Crauford actually going to play in the bowler? Yes, maybe Crauford thought the bowler would bring him luck! It might be a mascot!

"Of course!" exclaimed Soppo. "That's why Crauford's been mousing it all this time."

But why the spats? To fasten round Campbell's legs, perhaps, so that the Scotsman couldn't dodge through them all so easily? A sort of handicap, as you handicapped fellows at golf?

"That's it!" exclaimed Soppo.

And patting himself on the back for solving the mystery—"not many chaps would have jumped to the reason," glowed he—he burst into Crauford's study to get what was wanted.

Ah, there was the bowler, upside down in the grate. The spats would be in a drawer—yes, here in this tissue paper.

Bother! If the inkpot hadn't upset itself! All over the spats. What a nuisance! Suppose Crauford twigged it!

"We'll have to dry them," said Soppo, with a cold shiver; and, having mopped away at the spats with his handkerchief, he wiped them on the underside of the tablecloth. Had their owner been there one may hazard a pretty good guess that Soppo would not have dried them on the tablecloth. "But what the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve for," he growled.

Then came another problem which set his heart jumping.

How on earth was he to carry them out? If he carried the hat in one hand and the spats in another, Crauford would spot the ink on the spats straight away. That would never do. He must hand the spats over somehow and get out of reach before Crauford twigged the ink-stains.

The dodge would be to take the lot out on a tray, like the parlour-maid did at home when she brought along letters, and to shove the hat on the top of the spats to hide them. Then hand tray and all to Crauford and scoot like the lightning. Yes, that was the tip. But he hadn't a tray!

He hadn't a tray. He was done. For he could not wait longer, else Crauford would slay him for being such a time.

So, crushing the spats into his pocket and carrying the bowler, Soppo Tadworth raced off, aware that the game had begun again. Then, as luck would have it, as he reached the pavilion he espied the plate they had used for the half-time lemons. It was empty now, and someone had put it down casually.

"The very thing!" he gleed.

He picked up the plate and put the spats on it first. Then, like an extinguisher on the top of a candle, he popped the bowler hat on the top of the spats.

Having watched his chance till a kick sent the ball out of play, he advanced importantly with his improvised salver.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Reward

DICK was considered a muff at school, because of the fear he had of animals, and because he was the only boy who had no desire to visit the Manor Park menagerie.

The owner of the Manor had a wonderful collection of wild beasts, and strangers in the neighbourhood were often greatly alarmed when the howling of wolves and the roaring of lions disturbed the peaceful country solitude.

No sooner did Dick's friends discover his weakness than they began to tease him by hinting that one of the Manor's wild beasts had escaped.

"Heard the news?" somebody would say. "The Manor's tiger has escaped! Keepers all over the place hunting for it. Pretty dangerous, you know. I pity you, Dick, old boy, having to go home past the Park shrubberies!"

Dick pitied himself, too, for the Cat Tribe was particularly abhorrent to him, and he even feared the claws of the domestic pussy-cat.

One misty winter afternoon Dick's friends once more informed him that a wild beast had escaped from its cage in the Park and was now waiting to devour somebody on the very road along which Dick had to travel home.

"Look here, you fellows, I well know you're only ragging me!" said Dick, who swung off hating himself for being afraid, but quite unable to keep himself from watching the trees and shrubberies furtively.

The roar of some captive beast made him start, and as he hurried forward something small and lithe bounded from the high wall and disappeared in the undergrowth. It was fawn-coloured and very smooth; its face and legs were black, its eyes like burning sapphires; and, though it was no larger than a hare, it was so unlike any animal Dick had ever seen before that he began to run.

The creature followed him, uttering strange and harsh cries. The boy tripped over a stone and felt a cold nose on his face; he staggered up and something sprang on to his shoulder just as two ladies came hurrying down the road.

"Oh, he's got her!" cried one of them.

They seized the wild beast and caressed it rapturously.

"But what is it?" asked Dick, suddenly losing all fear of the creature that had come to him for refuge.

"Our champion Siamese cat, Queen. She has been missing all day, and there's five pounds reward for you, my boy."

But Dick said he didn't deserve five pounds; though he is going to have a reward—one of Queen's kittens, an engaging creature with a kink in its tail and a squint in its sapphire eyes, which will some day be the envy of all Siamese cat-owners.

## An Opportunity for YOU



## "PLAYTIME"

### PAINTING COMPETITION

For Boys and Girls under 15

£150 in Cash Prizes

Full particulars in



The famous COLOURED Picture Paper

Buy YOUR copy TODAY





# The Happy Hours Glide Quickly By



## DI MERRYMAN

AN old gentleman got very annoyed at the loud chatter of some girls at the opera. Finally, he said:

"My dear young ladies, please talk a little louder; the music makes such a noise that I can't hear half you say."

### Eight Authors

In each line of this verse the name of a famous author is hidden. Can you find them all?

BY Ronda's rosy mountains,  
A pearl-shell eye's delight,  
I heard a poet singing  
Words worthy of the sight.

Where the wild brook eats its  
channel,  
And joyous cotters roam,  
He saw a flower peep open,  
And swiftly thought of home.

*Solution next week*

WHAT is that which is black but  
enlightens the world? Ink.

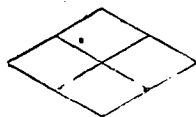
### Give and Take

CRIED a Parrot who spoke once  
a week,  
"If you want me to open my  
beak,

You must smile and rejoice  
At the sound of my voice—  
You must show yourselves pleased  
when I shriek!"

### Diamonds and Triangles

TAKE twelve matchsticks and  
arrange them to form four  
diamonds, as  
shown in this  
diagram. Then  
break up the  
design and  
rearrange the  
matchsticks so as to form six equal  
triangles. Can you find out how  
this is done? *Solution next week*



### Is Your Name Epps?

THIS surname is probably a  
shortened form of the female  
Christian name Isabella, and the  
people who bear it are probably  
descended from a woman named  
Isabella.

### Thankful Joan

JOAN is three years old. Her  
youthful uncle offers her some  
grapes, and before giving them  
asks: "Now what do we say?"  
"We say *Thank you*," says  
Joan, "when we have got them."

### An Un-Natural History Note



A KAMKOODLE who's bred on the  
plains  
Always rushes indoors when it rains,  
For the sponge-bags he wears  
On his feet need repairs,  
And damp toes mean rheumaticky  
pains.

WHAT number weighs fourteen  
pounds when two letters are  
added to it? One—stone.

### An Open Question



"I FOUND this key," chaffed Snip  
to Snap,  
"Too big for my small pocket,  
But here's a trunk it seems to fit—  
D'you think we can unlock it?"

### The Early Bird

A FATHER whose child had got  
up late in the morning tried  
to make him more industrious,  
and to show him the advantage  
of diligence by telling him of  
a man who had risen early and  
had found a purse in the park.

"But, Father," replied the child,  
the man who had lost it was up  
still earlier!"

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in apple but not in  
fruit,  
My second's in money but not  
in loot,  
My third is in darkness but not  
in night,  
My fourth is in blaze but not in  
light,  
My fifth is in broad but not in  
wide,  
My sixth is in ocean but not in  
tide,  
My whole is a river you've heard  
of, I know,  
As a careful study will very soon  
show. *Solution next week*

### Mr. and Mrs. Smithy

SMITHY keeps a blacksmith's shop,  
His wife a poultry pen.  
Smithy shoes the horse,  
And his wife, she shoes the hen.

WHAT is bought by the yard and  
worn by the foot?  
Stair carpet.

### The Poet in Camp

ONE day, while the poet Antigoras  
was cooking a stew in a Greek  
camp, the prince came up to him  
and said:

"Do you imagine, Antigoras,  
that when Homer was writing  
the history of Agamemnon's great  
deeds he wasted his time like you,  
cooking stews in the middle of  
the camp?"

"And you (replied Antigoras),  
do you imagine that when Aga-  
memnon was doing all those brave  
deeds sung by Homer he wasted  
his time spying out whether any-  
one in the camp was cooking a  
stew?"

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Poetic Puzzle Thaw, haw, awe  
Word Building  
Pol(and)-y-an-th(e)-us. Polyanthus  
Buried Mountains  
Stromboli, Cotopaxi, Fujiyama,  
Olympus, Aconcagua.  
Who Was He?  
The Boy King was Edward V

## Jacko Makes History

JACKO was wild with excitement when he heard that Monkeyville had been chosen as the centre for big Army manoeuvres. It meant that for a whole fortnight the place would be in a state of confusion; in fact, as Mr. Jacko said, there wouldn't be a moment's peace for anybody.

Mrs. Jacko wasn't at all pleased about it, either. She was quite sure that some of the soldiers would be billeted on her. And, sure enough, on the very first day of the manoeuvres, who should appear but two big, burly soldiers with huge moustaches and very dirty boots.

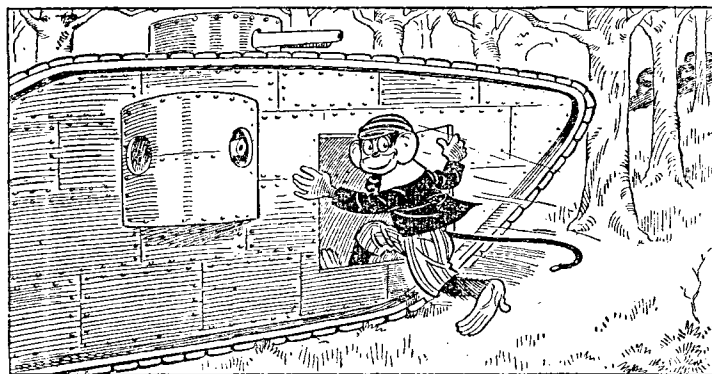
"You seem to have good accommodation here, ma'am," they said. And before Mrs. Jacko could say anything, they had ridden off and come back with the General.

"Here you are, sir," they said. "The most comfortable house in Monkeyville."

Mrs. Jacko couldn't help feeling flattered. She curtsied to the General and said she was sure she would do her best to make him comfortable.

But unfortunately the General turned out to be a most disagreeable old man. He complained of the food and said his bed wasn't comfortable and that his room wasn't big enough; in fact, he hadn't a good word to say for anything.

The General and his army were supposed to be defending Monkeyville against an attacking force, and Jacko used to



Jacko opened the little door and hopped inside

wander for miles round the outskirts of the town hoping to get a glimpse of the enemy. But he never saw anything at all exciting, until one day he suddenly came upon a tank hidden in a wood. The enemy had apparently left it there to be ready for the attack; at least, that was the conclusion Jacko came to. Jacko whistled a little tune.

"I'll make that General sit up!" he said, with a grin. And he opened the little door of the tank and hopped inside.

Soon the tank was scrunching its way out of the wood. Jacko found it quite easy to drive, as it didn't matter very much if you did run into anything. The tank didn't bother about obstacles, but went right over them!

At last Jacko steered it over a bank and out into the road, and along they went in high old style.

They had nearly reached the town when Jacko suddenly caught sight of some soldiers riding along the road. And at the head of the column was the General!

He nearly fell off his horse when he saw the tank.

"Stop at once!" he roared. "You are my prisoner!"

But Jacko only grinned all the more. He didn't stop at once for the simple reason that he didn't know how to; and, when the soldiers saw the tank was still coming on, they turned tail and scattered in all directions.

Jacko chased them down the road as hard as he could go. In fact, the tank never stopped at all until it ran into the Town Hall with a crash, and poked its nose right through the wall!

Then Jacko hopped out of the little door and made off as fast as he could go.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Up and Down

A duke who was falling into  
discredit at Court, while the  
popularity of Cardinal Richelieu  
grew more and more, was coming  
downstairs at the palace one  
day as the cardinal was going up.  
"What news, my lord duke?"  
asked the cardinal; to which the  
duke replied:  
"My lord cardinal, you are  
going up and I am going down."

### En Haut et en Bas

Un jour, un duc qui tombait  
en disgrâce à la Cour, alors que  
la popularité du cardinal de  
Richelieu augmentait sans cesse,  
descendait l'escalier du palais au  
moment où le cardinal en montait  
les degrés.  
"Quoi de nouveau, mon-  
seigneur le duc?" demanda le  
cardinal; à quoi le duc répondit:  
"Monseigneur le cardinal, vous  
montez, et moi, je descends."

## Tales Before Bedtime

### The Shop

THE children walked out of  
the cottage and stood  
looking over the wide country  
before them.

Moors, moors, moors!

They were not to go far  
away, and they were to play as  
quietly as possible! Whatever  
could they do?

Mother was ill, and she had  
been brought up here to see if  
the air would do her good.

They turned all the ways  
round, and could see nothing  
different: only moors and  
always more moors.

"I vote for Shop," one  
said. "I don't see what else  
we can play."

"And it's quiet, too," said  
Ann. And so they set to work.

They chose a nice flat rock  
close to a stile, and then  
looked for things to put on it.

Soon it was covered with  
little bunches of heather, pretty  
little stones, tiny heaps of bil-  
berries, and "pincushions" of  
bright green moss!

They were ready to sell  
when, all at once, Jackie  
jumped to his feet.

"Oh, look!" he cried.

There were heaps of people  
coming towards the stile!

"Hello!" cried a jolly man,  
as he clambered through, "how  
surprising to find a shop here!"  
And he took up a bunch of  
heather and laid down a penny.

And after that the children  
were almost too surprised to



They were ready to sell

hear the fun and jokes which  
went on around them; all they  
saw was the growing pile of  
pennies.

Then Jackie jumped up.

"But, I say," he began  
shyly, "we don't really want  
you to buy the things. We  
would like to give them to you."

And the other two nodded  
and said, "Yes, we would."

But the holiday people only  
laughed, and said, "Oh, but we  
want you to have the pennies.  
It's been such fun for us, you  
know, and it would spoil the  
make-believe to take them  
back!" and away they went.

"I tell you what," Mary  
said; "we will buy grapes for  
Mummie, and make her try to  
guess how we got the money!"



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 21, 1925

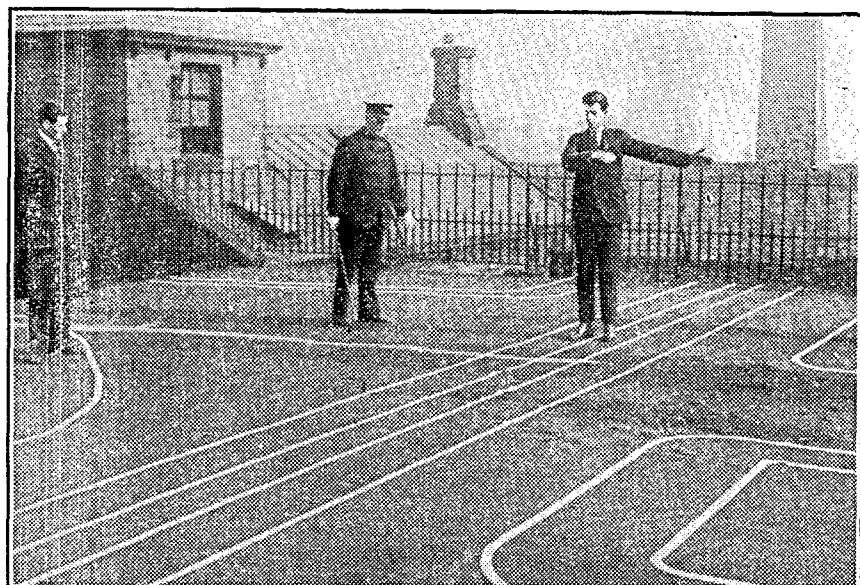
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

## POLICEMEN AT SCHOOL • MEASURING THE RAINFALL • A BIG METEORITE



**Two Counties Play Rugby**—There is no game more exhilarating than Rugby football, as this picture of a county match at Richmond shows. Middlesex is here seen playing Sussex



**Learning to Manage the Traffic**—At a police-station at Huddersfield white lines marked on the roof to indicate roads are used in teaching young policemen how to carry out point duty



**A Dog's Big Jump**—Here is a handsome Alsatian wolf-hound making a fine jump over the outstretched arms of his master at a recent show at the Crystal Palace. Dogs of this breed are noted for their quickness and intelligence



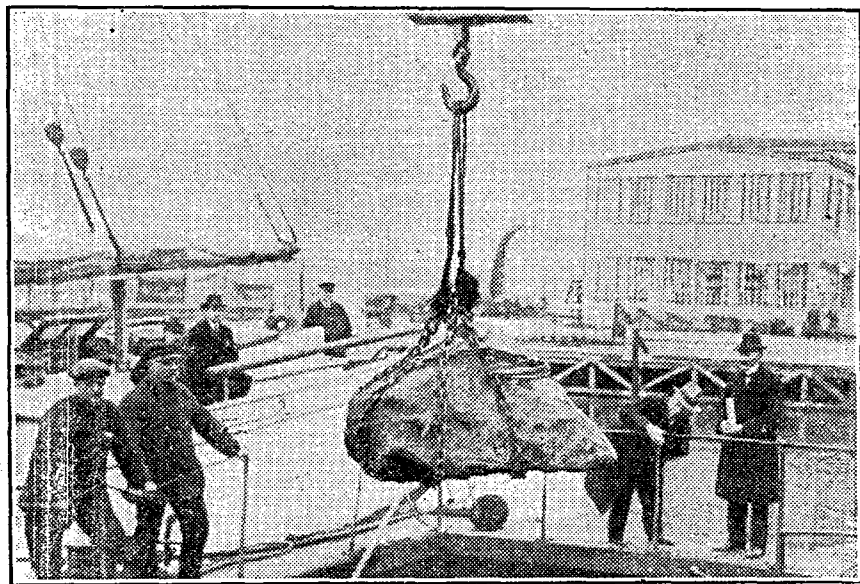
**In Safe Hands**—The children of London have no greater friend than the policeman, who is always ready to assist them across a busy road or help them in any other way. This little maiden, however, seems alarmed to find herself in the policeman's hands



**Measuring London's Rainfall**—In this picture, taken on the roof of the Meteorological Office, we see one of the big rain gauges that are used to measure London's rainfall. An assistant is replacing the funnel that collects the raindrops



**Where a Village Stood**—Masses of concrete from the dam that burst at Lake Eigiau, near Conway, now cover the site of the village of Dolgarrog, most of which was destroyed by the torrent of water which rushed down the mountainside carrying ruin everywhere. See Page 7



**A Meteorite from Greenland**—The immense meteorite found by Eskimos in Greenland which was recently taken to Copenhagen is here seen being landed. It has much iron, and during the voyage its influence on the compass was such that the sailors had difficulty in steering

## A PRICELESS GIFT TO THE WORKING WORLD—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; 11/4